Wife for a Month.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY

Written by

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AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.

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Wife for a Month.

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PROLOGUE.

YOU are welcome, Gentlemen, and would our
Feast
Were ſo well ſeaſon'd, to pleaſe every Gueſt;
Ingenuous Appetites, I hope we ſhall,
And their Examples may prevail in all.
Our noble Friend, who writ this, bid me ſay,
He had rather dreſs, upon a Triumph Day,
My Lord Mayor's Feaſt, and make him Sauces too,
Sauce for each ſeveral Mouth, may further go,
He had rather build up thoſe invincible Pies
And Caſtle Cuſtards that affright all Eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their Artillery,
Than dreſs for ſuch a curious Company
One ſingle Diſh; yet he has pleas'd ye too,
And you've confeſs'd he knew well what to do;
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharp Stomachs to the Stories he ſhall ſing.
And he dare yet, he ſays, prepare a Table
Shall make you ſay, well dreſt, and he well able.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

ALphonſo, *King of* Naples, *elder Brother to* Frederick.
Frederick, *unnatural and libidinous Brother to* Alphonſo, *and Uſurper of his Kingdom.*
Sorano, *a Lord, Brother to* Evanthe, Frederick's *wicked Inſtrument.*
Valerio, *a noble young Lord, Servant to* Evanthe.
Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, } *three honeſt Court Lords.*
Rugio, *an honeſt Lord, Friend to* Alphonſo.
Marco, *a Friar,* Alphonſo's *Friend.*
Podramo, *a neceſſary Creature to* Sorano.
Tonie, *King* Frederick's *Knaviſh Fool.*
Caſtruccio, *Captain of the Citadel, an honeſt Man.*
Cupid, Graces, *with other Maſquers.*

Citizens, Lawyer, Phyſician, Captain, Cut-purſe, Fool, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Frederick, *a virtuous Lady.*
Evanthe, *Siſter to* Sorano, *the chaſte Wife of* Valerio, *or a Wife for a Month.*
Caſſandra, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to* Evanthe.
Ladies.
City Wives.

SCENE NAPLES.

A WIFE *for a* MONTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Attendants.*

Sor. WILL your out Grace speak?
Fred. Let me alone, *Sorano*,
Although my Thoughts seem sad, they are welcome to me.
Sor. You know I am private as your secret Wishes,
Ready to fling my Soul upon your Service,
E'er your Command be on't. *Fred.* Bid those depart.
Sor. You must retire, my Lords.
Cam. What new design is hammering in his Head now?
Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our Heads meet with it; my Wife's old,
That's all my comfort.
Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
And I think honest too, 'twould make me start else.
Cam. Mine's troubled in the Country with a Feaver,
And some few Infirmities else; he looks again,
Come let's retire, certain 'tis some she business,
This new Lord is employed.
Val. I'll not be far off, because I doubt the Cause. [*Exit.*
Fred. Are they all gone? *Sor.* All but your faithful Servant.
Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.
Sor. Pray ye speak it, is it my Head? I have it ready for ye, Sir:
Is't any Action in my Power? My Wit?
I care not of what Nature, nor what follows.
Fred. I am in Love.
Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand,
The easiest to atchieve. *Fred.* But with whom, *Sorano*?
Sor. With whom you please, you must not be deny'd, Sir.
Fred. Say it be with one of thy Kinswomen.

Sor.

Sor. Say with all.
I ſhall more love your Grace, I ſhall more honour ye,
And would I had enough to ſerve your Pleaſure.
Fred. Why 'tis thy Siſter then, the fair *Evanthe*,
I'll be plain with thee.
Sor. I'll be as plain with you, Sir;
She brought not her Perfections to the World,
To lock them in a Caſe, or hang 'em by her,
The uſe is all ſhe breds 'em for; ſhe is yours, Sir.
Fred. Doſt thou mean ſeriouſly? *Sor.* I mean my Siſter;
And if I had a Dozen more, they were all yours:
Some Aunts I have, they have been handſome Women,
My Mother's dead indeed, and ſome few Couſins
That are now ſhooting up, we ſhall ſee ſhortly.
Fred. No, 'tis *Evanthe*.
Sor. I have ſent my Man unto her,
Upon ſome Buſineſs to come preſently
Hither, ſhe ſhall come; your Grace dare ſpeak unto her?
Large golden Promiſes, and ſweet Language, Sir,
You know what they work; ſhe is a compleat Courtier:
Beſides, I'll ſet in.
Fred. She waits upon my Queen,
What Jealouſie and Anger may ariſe,
Incenſing her?
Sor. You have a good ſweet Lady,
A Woman of ſo even and ſtill a Temper,
She knows not Anger; ſay ſhe were a Fury,
I had thought you had been abſolute, the great King;
The Fountain of all Honours, Plays and Pleaſures,
Your Will and your Commands unbounded alſo;
Go get a Pair of Beads, and learn to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Servant ſtays.
Sor. Bid him come hither, and bring the Lady with him.
Fred. I will woo her,
And either loſe my ſelf, or win her Favour.
Sor. She is coming in.
Fred. Thy Eyes ſhoot through the Door,
They are ſo piercing, that the Beams they dart
Give new Light to the Room.

Enter Podramo *and* Evanthe.

Evan. Whither doſt thou go?
This is the King's ſide, and his private Lodgings,
What Buſineſs have I here? *Pod.* My Lord ſent for ye.
Evan. His Lodgings are below, you are miſtaken,
We left them at the ſtair [illegible] *Pod.* Good ſweet Madam.

Evan.

Evan. I am no Counſellor, nor impoſthume Sutor,
Nor have no private Buſineſs through theſe Chambers,
To ſeek him this way; o'my Life thou art drunk,
Or worſe than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither
To ſome baſe end; now I look on thee better,
Thou haſt a bawdy Face, and I abhor thee,
A beaſtly bawdy Face, I'll go no further.

Sor. Nay ſhrink not back, indeed you ſhall, good Siſter.
Why do you bluſh? the good King will not hurt ye,
He honours ye, and loves ye. *Evan.* Is this the Buſineſs?

Sor. Yes, and the beſt you ever will arrive at, if you be wiſe.

Evan. My Father was no Bawd, Sir,
Nor of that worſhipful Stock, as I remember.

Sor. You are a Fool.

Evan. You are that I ſhame to tell ye.

Fred. Gentle *Evanthe.*

Evan. The gracious Queen, Sir,
Is well and merry, Heav'n be thanked for it,
And as I think ſhe waits you in the Garden.

Fred. Let her wait there, I talk not of her Garden,
I talk of thee, ſweet Flower.

Evan. Your Grace is pleaſant,
To miſtake a Nettle for a Roſe.

Fred. No Roſe, nor Lilly, nor no glorious Hyacinth
Are of that ſweetneſs, whiteneſs, tenderneſs,
Softneſs, and ſatisfying Bleſſedneſs,
As my *Evanthe.*

Evan. Your Grace ſpeaks very feelingly;
I would not be a handſome Wench in your way, Sir,
For a new Gown. *Fred.* Thou art all Handſomneſs;
Nature will be aſham'd to frame another
Now thou art made, thou haſt robb'd her of her cunning:
Each ſeveral part about thee is a Beauty.

Sor. Do you hear this, Siſter?

Evan. Yes, unworthy Brother, but all this will not do.

Fred. But love *Evanthe,*
Thou ſhalt have more than Words, Wealth, Eaſe and Honours,
My tender Wench. *Evan.* Be tender of my Credit,
And I ſhall love you, Sir, and I ſhall honour ye.

Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my *Evanthe,*
To give thee the content of Love.

Evan. Hold, hold, Sir, ye are too fleet;
I have ſome Buſineſs this way, your Grace can ne'er content.

Sor. You ſtubborn Toy.

Evan. Good my Lord *Bawd* I thank ye.

Fred. Thou ſhalt not go, believe me, ſweet *Evanthe,*

So high I will advance thee for this Favour,
So rich and potent I will raise thy Fortune,
And thy Friends mighty. *Evan.* Good your Grace be patient,
I shall make the worst honourable Wench that ever was,
Shame your Discretion, and your Choice.
Fred. Thou shall not.
Evan. Shall I be rich, do you say, and glorious,
And shine above the rest, and scorn all Beauties,
And mighty in Command? *Fred.* Thou shalt be any thing.
Evan. Let me be honest too, and then I'll thank ye.
Have you not such a Title to bestow too?
If I prove otherwise, I would know but this, Sir;
Can all the Power you have, or all the Riches,
But tye Mens Tongues up from discoursing of me,
Their Eyes from gazing at my glorious Folly,
Time that shall come, from wondering at my Impudence,
And they that read my wanton Life, from Curses?
Can you do this? Have ye this Magick in ye?
This is not in your Power, though you be a Prince, Sir.
No more than Evil is in holy Angels,
Nor I, I hope. Get Wantonness confirm'd
By Act of Parliament an Honesty,
And so receiv'd by all, I'll hearken to ye:
Heav'n guide your Grace. *Fred. Evanthe*, stay a little,
I'll no more Wantonness, I'll marry thee.
Evan What shall the Queen do? *Fred.* I'll be divorced from her.
Evan. Can you tell why? What has she done against ye?
Has she contriv'd a Treason 'gainst your Person?
Abus'd your Bed? does Disobedience urge ye?
Fred. That's all one, 'tis my Will. *Evan.* 'Tis a most wicked one,
A most absurd one, and will show a Monster.
I had rather be a Whore, and with less Sin,
To your present Lust, than Queen to your Injustice.
Yours is no Love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no Taste of fair Affection in it.
Some Hellish Flame abuses your fair Body,
And Hellish Furies blow it; look behind ye,
Divorce you from a Woman of her Beauty,
Of her Integrity, her Piety?
Her Love to you, to all that honours ye;
Her chaste and virtuous Love, are these fit Causes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd ye?
You may find time out in Eternity,
Deceit and Violence in heav'nly Justice;
Life in the Grave, and Death among the Blessed,
E'er Stain or Brack in her sweet Reputation.

Sor.

Sor. You have fool'd enough, be wise now, and a Woman;
You have shew'd a Modesty sufficient,
If not too much, for Court.
Evan. You have shew'd an Impudence,
A more experienc'd Bawd would blush and shake at;
You will make my Kindred mighty.
Fred. Prithee hear me.
Evan. I do Sir, and I count it a great Offer.
Fred. Any of thine.
Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap Honour on them.
But how 'twill sit, and how Men will adore it,
Is still the Question. I'll tell you what they'll say, Sir,
What the Report will be, and 'twill be true too,
And it must needs be Comfort to your Master
These are the Issues of her Impudence.
I'll tell your Grace, so dear I hold the Queen,
So dear that Honour that she nurs'd me up in,
I would first take to me, for my Lust, a Moor,
One of your Gally-slaves, that Cold and Hunger,
Decrepit Misery, had made a mock-Man,
Than be your Queen. *Fred.* You are bravely resolute.
Evan. I had rather be a Leper, and be shun'd,
And dye by Pieces, rot into my Grave,
Leaving no Memory behind to know me,
Than be a high Whore to Eternity.
Fred. You have another Gamester I perceive by ye,
You durst not slight me else. *Sor.* I'll find him out,
Though he lye next thy Heart hid, I'll discover him,
And ye pound peat, I'll make you curse your Insolence.
Val. Tongue of an Angel, and the truth of Heav'n,
How am I blest! [*Exit* Val.
Sor. Podramo go in haste
To my Sister's Gentlewoman, you know her well,
And bid her send her Mistress presently
The lesser Cabinet she keeps her Letters in,
And such like Toys, and bring it to me instantly. Away.
Pod. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queen with two Ladies.

Sor. The Queen.
Fred. Let's quit the Place, she may grow jealous.
[*Ex.* Fred. Sorano.

Queen. So suddenly departed! what's the Reason?
Does my Approach displease his Grace? are my Eyes
So hateful to him? or my Conversation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair *Evanthe*,
Are you there? then I see his Shame.

Evan. 'Tis true, Madam,
'Twas pleas'd his Goodneſs to be pleaſant with me.
Queen. 'Tis ſtrange to find thy Modeſty in this Place,
Does the King offer fair? Does thy Face take him?
Ne'er bluſh *Evanthe*, 'tis a very ſweet one,
Does he rain Gold, and precious Promiſes
Into thy Lap? Will he advance thy Fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, Wench? *Evan.* Never mock, Madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At leaſt reveng'd; I can be mighty, Lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great, as you are.
Queen. He will marry thee?
Evan. Who would not be a Queen, Madam?
Queen. 'Tis true *Evanthe*, 'tis a brave Ambition,
A golden Dream, that may delude a good Mind;
What ſhall become of me? *Evan.* You muſt learn to pray,
Your Age and Honour will become a Nunnery.
Queen. Wilt thou remember me? [*Weeps.*
Evan. She weeps. Sweet Lady
Upon my Knees I ask your ſacred Pardon,
For my rude Boldneſs; and know, my ſweet Miſtreſs,
If e'er there were Ambition in *Evanthe*,
It was and is to do you faithful Duties:
'Tis true I have been tempted by the King,
And with no few and potent Charms, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaſte Joys of your Bed;
And thoſe not taking hold, to uſurp your State;
But ſhe that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your virtuous Precepts,
Still growing ſtrong by Example of your Goodneſs,
Having no errant Motion from Obedience,
Flyes from theſe Vanities, as meer Illuſions;
And arm'd with Honeſty, defies all Promiſes.
In token of this Truth, I lay my Life down
Under your ſacred Foot, to do you Service.
Queen. Riſe my true Friend, thou virtuous Bud of Beauty,
Thou Virgin's Honour, ſweetly blow and flouriſh;
And that rude nipping Wind, that ſeeks to blaſt thee,
Or taint thy Root, be curſt to all Poſterity;
To my Protection from this Hour I take ye,
Yes, and the King ſhall know———
Evan. Give his Heat way, Madam,
And 'twill go out again, he may forget all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menalio.

Cam. What have we to do with the Times? we cannot cure 'em.
Let 'em go on, when they are ſwoln with Sorfeits
They'll

They'll burſt and ſtink, then all the World ſhall ſmell 'em.
Cle. A Man may live a Bawd, and be an honeſt Man.
Men. Yes, and a wiſe Man too, 'tis a virtuous Calling.
Cam. To his own Wife eſpecially, or to his Siſter,
The nearer to his own Blood, ſtill the honeſter:
There want ſuch honeſt Men, would we had more of 'em.
Men. To be a Villain is no ſuch rude Matter.
Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect,
Art makes all excellent: What is it, Gentlemen,
In a good Cauſe to kill a Dozen Coxcombs,
That blunt rude Fellows call good Patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.
Men. 'Tis e'en as much, as eaſie too, as honeſt, and as clear,
To raviſh Matrons, and deflower coy Wenches;
But here they are ſo willing, 'tis a Complement.
Cle. To pull down Churches with pretenſion
To build 'em fairer, may be done with Honour,
And all this time believe no Gods.
Cam. I think ſo, 'tis faith enough if they name 'em in their Angers,
Or on their rotten Tombs ingrave an Angel;
Well, brave *Alphonſo*, how happy had we been,
If thou had'ſt reign'd! *Men.* Would I had his Diſeaſe,
Ty'd like a Leproſie to my Poſterity,
So he were right again. *Cle.* What is his Malady?
Cam. Nothing but ſad and ſilent Melancholy,
Laden with Griefs and Thoughts, no Man knows why neither;
The good *Brandino* Father to the Princeſs
Uſed all the Art and Induſtry that might be,
To free *Alphonſo* from this dull Calamity,
And ſeat him in his Rule, he was his eldeſt
And nobleſt too, had not fair Nature ſtopt in him,
For which Cauſe this was choſen to inherit,
Frederick the younger. *Cle.* Does he uſe his Brother
With that Reſpect and Honour that befits him?
Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more eaſe and comfort to his Sickneſs;
But he has honeſt Servants, the grave *Regio*,
And Fryar *Marco*, that wait upon his Perſon.
And in a Monaſtery he lives. *Men.* 'Tis full of Sadneſs,
To ſee him when he comes to his Father's Tomb,
As once a Day that is his Pilgrimage,
Whilſt in Devotion, the Quire ſings an Anthem;
How piouſly he kneels, and like a Virgin
That ſome croſs Fate had cozen'd of her Love,
Weeps 'till the ſtubborn Marble ſweats with Pity,
And to his Groans the whole Quire bears a *Chorus*.

Enter Frederick, Sorano *with the Cabinet, and* Podramo.

Cam. So do I too. The King with his Contrivers,
This no Place for us. *Fred.* This is a Jewel. [*Exe. Lords.*
Lay it aside; what Paper's that? *Pod.* A Letter,
But 'tis a Woman's, Sir, I know by the Hand,
And the false Orthography, they write old *Saxon.*

Fred. May be her ghostly Mother's that instructs her.

Sor. No, 'tis a Cousin's, and came up with a great Cake.

Fred. What's that?

Sor. A pair of Gloves the Dutchess gave her,
For so the out-side says. *Fred.* That other Paper? (Crosses.

Sor. A Charm for the Tooth-ach, here's nothing but Saints and

Fred. Look in that Box, methinks that should hold secrets.

Pod. 'Tis Paint, and curls of Hair, she begins to exercise.
A Glass of Water too, I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me,
Never a Conduit-Pipe to convey this Water.

Sor. These are all Rings, Death-heads, and such *Memento's*
Her Grandmother, and Worm-eaten Aunts left to her,
To tell her what her Beauty must arrive at.

Fred. That, that.

Pod. They are written Songs, Sir, to provoke young Ladies;
Lord, here's a Prayer-book, how these agree!
Here's a strange Union.

Sor. Ever by a surfeit you have a julep set to cool the Patient.

Fred. Those, those.

Sor. They are Verses to the blest *Evanthe,*

Fred. Those may discover. Read them out, *Sorano.*

To the blest Evanthe.

Let those complain that feel Loves cruelty,
And in sad Legends write their Woes,
With Roses gently thas corrected me,
My War is without rage or blows;
My Mistress Eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up enflam'd with her new fires.

No more an Exile will I dwell,
With folded Arms, and Sighs all day,
Reckoning the Torments of my Hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet Peace,
My Mistress smiles, and all my Sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her Eyes?
Or being blest with her sweet Tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A Golden Give, a pleasing wrong:

To

To be your own but one poor Month, I'll give
My Youth, my Fortune, and then leave to live.

Fred. This is my Rival, that I knew the Hand now.
Sor. I know it, I have seen it, 'tis *Valerio's*,
That hopeful Gentleman's, that was brought up with ye,
And by your charge, nourish'd and fed
At the same Table, with the same allowance.
Fred. And all this courtesie to ruin me?
Cross my desires? h'ad better have fed humbler,
And stood at greater distance from my fury:
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,
Whilst my impatient Heart swells high with choler;
Better have lov'd despair, and safer kis'd her. [*Ex. Lords.*

Enter Evanthe, *and* Cassandra.

Evan. Thou old weak fool, dost thou know to what end,
To what betraying end he got this Casket?
Durst thou deliver him without my Ring,
Or a Command from mine own Mouth, that Cabinet
That holds my Heart? you unconsiderate Ass,
Your brainless Idear. *Cas.* I saw you go with him,
At the first word commit your Person to him,
And make no scruple; he is your Brother's Gentleman,
And for any thing I know, an honest Man;
And might not upon the same security deliver him a Box?
Evan. A Bottle-head.
Fred. You shall have cause to chase, as I will handle it.
Evan. I had rather thou hadst deliver'd me to Pirats,
Betray'd me to incurable Diseases,
Hung up my Picture in a Market-place,
And sold me to wild Bawds. *Cas.* As I take it, Madam,
Your Maiden-head lies not in that Cabinet,
You have a closer, and you keep the Key too,
Why are you vex'd thus? *Evan.* I could curse thee wickedly,
And wish thee more deform'd than Age can make thee;
Perpetual Hunger, and no Teeth to satisfie it,
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it;
Those Hands that gave the Casket, may the Palsie
For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee.
Long Winters, that thy Bones may turn to Isicles,
No Hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee.
Is thy Care like thy Body, all one crookedness?
How scurvily thou cryest now? like a Drunkard,
I'll have as pure Tears from a dirty Spout;
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half Witch.
Cas. These are fine words, well Madam, Madam.

Evan.

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou Mummy,
'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty———
Fred. Has your young Sanctity done railing, Madam,
Againſt your innocent Squire? Do you ſee this Sonnet,
This loving Script? Do you know from whence it came too?
Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure, and honeſt.
Fred. You have private Viſitants, my noble Lady,
That in ſweet Numbers court your goodly Virtues,
And to the height of Adoration. *Evan.* Well, Sir,
There's neither Hereſie nor Treaſon in it.
Fred. A Prince may begat the Door, whilſt theſe Poets with ye,
A Favour or a Grace, from ſuch as I am.
Enter Valerio, *and* Podramo.
Courſe common things. You are welcome; Pray come near, Sir,
Do you know this Paper? *Val.* I am betray'd; I do Sir,
'Tis mine, my Hand and Heart, if I dye for her,
I am thy Martyr, Love, and Time ſhall honour me.
Caſ. You ſawcy Sir, that came in my Lady's Name
For her gilt Cabinet, you cheating Sir too,
You ſcurvy Uſher, with as ſcurvy Legs,
And a worſe Face, thou poor bale hanging-holder,
How durſt thou come to me with a lye in thy Mouth?
An impudent lye? *Pod.* Hollow, good *Gill*, you hobble,
Caſ. A ſtinking lye, more ſtinking than the Teller,
To play the pilfering Knave? there have been Rarcals
Brought up to fetch and cary, like your Worſhip,
That have been hang'd for leſs, whipt they are daily,
And if the Law will do me right———
Pod. What then, old Maggot?
Caſ. Thy Mother was carted younger; I'll have thy Hide,
Thy mangy Hide, embroider'd with a Dog-whip,
As it is now with potent Pox, and thicker.
Fred. Peace good Antiquity, I'll have your Bones elſe
Ground into Gunpowder to ſhoot at Cats with;
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an Almond,
There's no ſuch cure for the ſhe-falling ſickneſs
As the Powder of a dryed Bawd's Skin; be ſilent.
You are very prodigal of your Service here, Sir,
Of your Life more it ſeems. *Val.* I repent neither.
Becauſe your Grace ſhall underſtand it comes
From the beſt part of Love, my pure Affection,
And kindled with chaſte flame, I will not fly from it;
If it be error to deſire to marry,
And marry her that Sanctity would dote on,
I havedone amiſs; if it be a Treaſon
To graft my Soul to Virtue, and to grow there

To

To love the Tree that bears such happineſs;
Conceive me, Sir, this Fruit was ne'er forbidden;
Nay, to deſire to taſte too, I am Traytor;
Had you but Plants enough of this bleſt Tree, Sir,
Set round about your Court, to beautifie it,
Deaths twice ſo many, to diſmay the approachers,
The Ground would ſcarce yield Graves to noble Lovers.
Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd, you wiſh and pray to Fortune,
Here in your Sonnet, and ſhe has heard your Prayers,
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you dye for't.
Val. I could with many, many Ages, Sir,
To grow as old, as Time in her Embraces,
If Heav'n would grant it, and you ſmile upon it;
But if my choice were two hours, and then periſh,
I would not pull my Heart back. *Fred.* You have your wiſh,
To Morrow I will ſee you nobly married,
Your Month take out in all Content and Pleaſure;
The firſt Day of the following Month you dye for't;
Kneel not, not all your Prayers can divert me;
Now mark your Sentence, mark it, ſcornful Lady,
If when *Valerio* dead, within twelve hours,
For that's your lateſt time, you find not out
Another Husband on the ſame condition
To marry you again, you dye your ſelf too.
Evan. Now you are merciful, I thank your Grace.
Fred. If when you are married, you but ſeek to ſcape
Out of the Kingdom, you, or ſhe, or both,
Or to infect Mens Minds with hot Commotions,
You dye both inſtantly; Will you love me now, Lady?
My Tale will now be heard, but now I ſcorn ye [*Exit.*
[*Manent* Valerio, *and* Evanthe.
Evan. Is our fair Love, our honeſt, our entire,
Come to this hazard?
Val. 'Tis a noble one, and I am much in love with malice for it,
Envy could not have ſtudied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if ſhe had her Eyes;
When I have once enjoy'd my ſweet *Evanthe*,
And bleſt my Youth with her moſt dear Embraces,
I have done my Journey here, my day is out,
All that the World has elſe is foolery,
Labour, and loſs of time; what ſhould I live for?
Think but Man's Life a Month, and we are happy.
I would now have my Joys grow old for any thing;

A Paradise, as thou art, my *Evanthe*,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human Eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, Sweet, you dishonour me,
Your Tears and Griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare dye; Do you love intirely?
Evan. You know I do. *Val.* Then grudge not my felicity.
Evan. I'll to the Queen. *Val.* Do any thing that's honest,
But if you sue to hinder Death it hates you. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of such a Marriage?
Men. Marriage and Hanging go by destiny,
'Tis the old Proverb, now they come together.
Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his Life, for a Month!
I would have a long Month sure that pays the Soldiers.
Enter Tony *with an Urinal.*
Cam. Or get all the Almanacks burnt, that were a rare trick,
And have no Month remembred. How now, *Tony*?
Whose Water are you casting?
Tony. A sick Gentleman's, sir,
Is very sick, much troubled with the Stone,
He should not live abouth a Month, by his Urine,
About St. *David*'s Day it will go hard with him,
He will then be troubled with a pain in his Neck too.
Men. A pestilent Fool; when wilt thou marry, *Tony*?
Tony. When I mean to be hang'd, and 'tis the surer Contract.
Cle. What think you of this Marriage of *Valerio*'s?
Tony. They have given him a hot Custard, and mean to burn his Mouth with it; had I known he had been given to dye honourably, I would have help'd him to a Wench, a rare one, should have kill'd him in three Weeks, and sav'd his Sentence.
Cam. There be them would have spared ten days of that time.
Tony It may be so, you have Women of all Virtues:
There be some Guns that I could bring him to,
Some Mortar-pieces that are plac'd i' th' Suburbs,
Would tear him into Quarters in two hours,
There be also of the Race of the old Cockatrices,
That would dispatch him with one looking on him.
Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse, *Tony*, if thou hadst the like Fortune?
Tony. I would chuse a mull'd Sack Month, to comfort my Belly,

for

for ſure my Back would ake for't, and at the Months end I would be moſt diſmally drunk, and ſcore the Gallons.

Men. I would chuſe *March*, for I would come in like a Lion.

Tony. But you'd go out like a Lamb when you went to hanging.

Cam. I would take *April*, take the ſweet o'th' Year,
And kiſs my Wench upon the tender Flowers,
Tumble on every Green, and as the Birds ſing
Embrace, and toſle away my Soul in pleaſure.

Tony. You would go a *Maying* ſure to the Gallows.

Cle. Prithee tell us ſome News. *Tony.* I'll tell ye all I know,
You may be honeſt, and poor Fools, as I am.
And blow your Fingers ends. *Cam.* That's no news, Fool.
Tony. You may be Knaves then, when you pleaſe, ſtark Knaves,
And build fair Houſes, but your Heirs ſhall have none of 'em.

Men. Theſe are undoubted. *Tony.* Truth is not with the hearing,
I'll tell you News then; there was a drunken Saylor,
That got a Mermaid with Child as ſhe went a Milking,
And now ſhe ſues him in the Bawdy-Court for it,
The Infant-monſter is brought up in *Fish-ſtreet*.

Cam. Ay, this is ſomething.

Tony. I'll tell you more, there was a Fiſh taken,
A monſtrous Fiſh, with a Sword by his ſide, a long Sword,
A Pike in's Neck, and a Gun in's Noſe, a huge Gun,
And Letters of Mart in's Mouth, from the Duke of *Florence*.

Cle. This is a monſtrous lye. *Tony.* I do confeſs it:
Do you think I would tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em?
You are honeſt things, we Courtiers ſcorn to converſe with. [*Exit.*

Cam. A plaguy Fool: But let's conſider, Gentlemen,
Why the Queen ſtrives not to oppoſe this Sentence,
The Kingdom's Honour ſuffers in this cruelty.

Men. No doubt the Queen, though ſhe be virtuous,
Winks at the Marriage, for by that only meanſ
The King's flame leſſens to the youthful Lady,
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock aſleep his Anger alſo;
Shall we go ſee the preparation?
'Tis time, for Strangers come to view the wonder,

Cam. Come, let's away, ſend my Friends happier Weddings.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Evanthe.

Queen. You ſhall be merry, come, I'll have it ſo:
Can there be any Nature ſo unnoble,
Or Anger ſo inhuman, to purſue this?

Evan. I fear there is. *Queen.* Your fears are poor and fooliſh,
Though he be haſty, and his Anger Death,
His Will like Torrents, not to be reſiſted,

Ye Law and Justice go along to guide him,
And what Law, or what Justice can be found
To justifie his Will, what Act or Statute,
By Human, or Divine Establishment,
Left to direct us, that make Marriage Death?
Honest fair Wedlock? were there such incompliance
For preservation of Mankind, babe by
He must be more than Man that undertakes it.
Come, dress ye handmaids, you shall have my Jewels,
And put a Face on that contemns base Fortune,
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful,
Outlook his Anger. *Enter Queen, Valerio.*
Be witness my pure Mind, as then I grieve for
Queen. But since it will not be avoided by him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave strong piece, learn that I would make him
Put all the wanton *Cupids* in thine Eye,
And all the Graces on that Nature gave thee,
Make up thy Beauty to that height of Excellence,
I'll help thee, and forgive thee, as if
Were now again to catch the God of War,
In his most rugged anger, when thou hast him,
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering Feet for mercy,
Then shew thy Virtue, then again despise him,
And all his Power, then with a look of Honour
Mingled with noble Chastity, strike him dead.
Evan. Good Madam dress me,
You arm me bravely.
Queen. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first, he must suffer for it,
And that thy Sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble Lord, you long to meet it,
Stamp such a deep impression of thy Beauty
Into his Soul, and of thy Worthiness,
That when *Valerio* and *Evanthe* sleep
In one rich Earth, hung round about with Blessings,
He may run mad, and curse his Act, be lusty,
I'll teach thee how to dye too, if thou fear'st it.
Evan. I thank your Grace, you have prepar'd me strongly,
And my weak Mind. *Queen.* Death is unwelcome never,
Unless it be to tortur'd Minds and sick Souls,
That make their own Hells, 'tis such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with Honour, shews so sweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,
For every living thing would love it else,

Fly boldly to their ends, Fame and Glory,
The Rest we have from labours, and from trouble
Is some Inticement, every thing allegeance,
The poor Slave that has pelvis'd his liberty,
As amply as his Master, in that Tomb
The Earth as light upon him, and the Flowers
That grow about him, fresh as Spring, and flourishing,
Becawhen we love with Honour to our ends,
When Memory and Virtue are our Mourners,
What pleasure's there? they are infinite, *Evanthe*,
Only, my virtuous Wench, we want our senses,
That benefit we are bar'd, 'twould make us proud else,
And lazy to look up to happier life,
The Blessings of the People would so swell us.

Evan. Good Madam, dress me, you have dress my Soul.
The merriest Bride I'll be for all this misery,
The proudest to some Eyes too.

Queen. 'Twill do better, come, shrink no more.

Evan. I am too confident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick *and* Soriano.

Sor. You are too remiss and wanton in your Angers,
You mould things handsomly, and then neglect 'em;
A powerful Prince should be constant to his Power still,
And hold up what he builds, then People fear him:
When he lets loose his Hand it shews a weakness,
And Men examine or contemn his Greatness:
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up
A Revenge equal, not a Pity in you.

Fred. She is thy Sister. *Sor.* And she were my Mother,
Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd, I hate her,
And shake her nearness off; I study, Sir,
To satisfie your Angers that are just,
Before your Pleasures. *Fred.* I have done that already,
I fear has pull'd too many Curses on me.

Sor. Curses or Envies, on *Valerio's* Head,
Would you take my counsel, Sir, they should all light,
And with the weight not only crack his Skull,
But his fair credit; the exquisite vexation
I have devis'd, so please you give way in't,
And let it work, shall more afflict his Soul,
And trench upon that Honour that he brags of,
Than fear of Death in all the frights he carries;
If you sit down here they will both abuse ye,
Laugh at your poor relenting Power, and scorn ye,
What satisfaction can their Deaths bring to you,
That are prepar'd, and proud to dye, and willingly,

And at their ends will think you for that honour?
How are you nearer the desire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their single Deaths give you content, Sir?
Petty revenges end in Blood, slight angers,
A Prince's Rage should find out new Diseases,
Death were a pleasure too, to pay proud Fools with.
Fred. What should I do? *Sor.* Add but your power unto me,
Make me but strong by your protection,
And you shall see what Joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him.
I'll make him wish he were dead on his Marriage-day,
Or Bed-rid with old Age, I'll make him curse,
And cry and curse, give me but Power. *Fred.* You have it,
Here, take my Ring, I am content he pay for't.
Sor. It shall be now Revenge, as I will handle it,
He shall live after this to beg his Life too:
Twenty to one by this Thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe shall be yours.
Fred. Take all Authority, and be most happy.
Sor. Good Sir, no more Pity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, *three Citizens, and three Wives.*

1 *Wife.* Good Master *Tony* put me in.
Tony. Where do you dwell?
1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the great Shoulder of Mutton.
Tony. A hungry Man would hunt your House out instantly,
Keep the Dogs from your Door; Is this Lettice Ruff your
Husband? a fine sharp Sallet to your Sign.
2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?
3 *Wife.* And me, good Master *Tony.*
Tony. Put ye all in? you had best come twenty more; you
Think 'tis easie, a trick of Legerdemain, to put ye all in,
'Twould pose a Fellow that had twice my Body,
Though it were made into Chines and Fillets.
2 *Wife.* Put's into th' Wedding, Sir, we would fain see that.
1 *Wife.* And the brave Masque too.
Tony. You two are pretty Women, are you their Husbands?
2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.
Tony. I think so too, you would not be so mad else
To turn 'em loose to a company of young Courtiers,
That swarm like Bees in *May*, when they see young Wenches;
You must not squeak.
3 *Wife.* No, Sir, we are better tutor'd.
Tony. Nor if a young Lord offer you the courtesie.
2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, Sir.
Tony, Nor you must not grumble,

If

If you be thrust no hard, we thrust most furiously.

1 Wife. We know the warfare.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly,
And shift for your selves, we must have no old Women,
They are out of use, unless they have Petitions,
Besides they cough so loud they drown the Musick.
You would go in too, but there is no place for ye?
I am sorry for't, go and hamper your Wives,
Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently.
You may have Heirs may prove wise Aldermen,
Go, or I'll call the Guard.

3 Cit. We will get in, we'll venture broken Pates else.

[*Ex. Cit. and Woman.*

Tony. 'Tis impossible,
You are too securely Arm'd; how they flock hither,
And with what joy the Women run by heaps
To see this Marriage! They tickle to think of it,
They hope for every Month a Husband too,
Still how they run, and how the wittals follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the Legs,
That Brushing, Dressing, nor new Naps can mend,
How they post to see their own Confusion?
This is a merry World.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Look to the Door Sirrah, —— thou art a Fool, and maist do mischief lawfully.

Tony. Give me your Hand, you are my Brother Fool;
You may both make the Law, and mar it presently.
Do you love a Wench? *Fred.* Who does not, Fool?

Tony. Not I, unless you will give me a longer lease to marry her.

Fred. What are all these that come, what business have they?

Tony. Some come to gape, those are my fellow Fools;
Some to get home their Wives, those be their own Fools;
Some to rejoice with thee, those be the times Fools;
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor Fools,

Enter Cassander, *an old Lady passing over.*

A set People call them honest. Look, look King, look,
A weather-beaten Lady, new Careen'd.

Fred. An old one.

Tony. The Glasses of her Eyes are new rubb'd over,
And the worm-eaten Records in her Face are daub'd up neatly;
See lays her Breasts out too, like to poch'd Eggs
That had the Yolks suckt out; they get new Heads also,
New Teeth, new Tongues, for the old are all worn out,
And as 'tis hop'd, new Tails. *Fred.* For what?

Tony. For old Courtiers,

The

The young ones have been stirring for these Fruits.
Fred. Go leave your knavery, and help to keep the Door well,
I will have no such press.
Tony. Is my Heart, King.
Fred. I'll have ye whipt.
Tony. The Fairies thou are proud! [*Exit.*
Fred. Sorano, work and free me from this Spell,
'Twixt love and scorn there's nothing left but Hell. [*Exit.*
Enter Valerio, Camillus, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Servants.*
Val. Tie on my Scarf, you are so long about me,
Good my Lords help, give me my other Cloak,
That Hat and Feather. Lord what a Taylor's this,
To make me up this straight! One Sigh would burst me,
I have not room to Breath; come button, button,
Button, apace. *Cam.* I am glad to see you merry, Sir.
Val. 'Twould make you merry had you such a Wife,
And such an Age to enjoy her in. *Men.* An Age, Sir?
Val. A Month's an Age to him that is contented,
What should I seek for more? Give me my Sword.
Ha my good Lords, that every one of you now
Had but a Lady of that Youth and Beauty
To bless your selves this Night with, would ye not?
Pray ye speak uprightly. *Cle.* We confess ye happy,
And we could well wish such another Banquet,
But on that price, my Lord—— *Val.* I were nothing else,
No Man can ever come to aim at Heaven,
But by the knowledge of a Hell. These Shoes are heavy,
And if I should be call'd to Dance they'll clog me,
Get me some Pumps, I'll tell ye brave *Camillo*,
And you dear Friends, the King has honour'd me,
Out of his Gracious Favour has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time, for who would live long?
Who would be old to's such a wearisom's,
Such a Disease, that hangs like lead upon us.
As it increases, so Vexations,
Griefs of the Mind, pains of the feeble Body,
Rheums, Coughs, Catarrhs, we are but our living Coffins,
Besides, the fair Soul's old too, it grows covetous,
Which shews all Honour is departed from us,
And we are Earth again. *Cle.* You make fair die, Sir.
Val. I would not live to learn to lie, *Cleanthes*,
For all the World, old Men are prone to that too;
Thou that hast been a Soldier, *Menallo*,
A noble Soldier, and defied all Danger,
Adopted thy brave Arm the Heir to Victory,
Would'st thou live so long till Strength forsook thee?

Till

Till thou grew'ſt only a long tedious Story
Of what thou hadſt been? till thy Sword hang by,
And lazy Spiders fill'd the Hilt with Cobwebs?
Men. No ſure, I would not. *Val.* 'Tis not fit ye ſhould,
To die a young Man is to be an Angel,
Our great good Parts put Wings unto our Souls;
We'll have a rouſe before we go to Bed, Friends,
Pray ye tell me, is't a handſome Mask we have?
Cam. We underſtand ſo.
Val. And the young Gentlemen dance?
Cle. They do Sir, and ſome dance well.
Val. They muſt before the Ladies,
We'll have a rouſe before we go to Bed, Friends,
A luſty one, 'twill make my Blood dance too. [*Muſick.*
Cam. Ten, if you pleaſe. *Val.* And we'll be wondrous merry.
They ſtay ſure, come, I hear the Muſick forward,
You ſhall have all Gloves preſently. [*Exit.*
Men. We attend Sir, but firſt we muſt look to th' Doors. [*Knocking within.*
The King has charged us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* What a Noiſe do you keep there? call my Fellows o' the Guard; you muſt ceaſe now until the King be enter'd; he is gone to th' Temple now.
2 *Ser.* Look to that back Door, and keep it faſt;
They ſwarm like Bees about it.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menillo, Tony, *following.*

Cam. Keep back thoſe Citizens, and let their Wives in,
Their handſome Wives.
Tony. They have crowded me to Verjuice,
I ſweat like a Butter-Box.
1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.
Men. Take the Women aſide, and talk with 'em in private,
Give 'em that they came for.
Tony. The whole Court cannot do it;
Beſides, the next Mask, if we uſe 'em ſo,
They'll come by Millions to expect our largeſs.
We have broke a hundred Heads. *Cle.* Are they ſo tender?
Tony. But 'twas behind, before they have all Muſtachoes.
Cam. Let in thoſe Ladies, make 'em room for ſhame there.
Tony. They are no Ladies, there's one bald before 'em,
A Gent. bald, they are curtail'd Queens in hired Clothes,
They come out of *Spain* I think, they are very ſultry.
Men. Keep 'em in Breath for an Ambaſſador [*Knocks within.*
Methinks my Noſe ſhakes at their Memories,
What bouncing's that? *Within.* I am one of the Muſick, Sir.

Within.

Within. I have Sweet-meats for the Banquet.

Cass. Let 'em in.

Tony. They lye my Lord, they come to seek their Wives?
Two broken Citizens.

Cass. Break 'em more, they are but bruised yet.
Bold Rascals, offer to disturb your Wives?

Cle. Lock the Doors fast, the Musick, hark the King comes.

A Curtain drawn.

The King, Queen, Valerio, Evanthe, *Ladies, Attendants,* Camillo, Cleanthes, Soranzo, Menallo.

A MASK.

Cupid *descends, the Graces sitting by him,* Cupid *being bound the Graces unbind him, he speaks.*

Cupid. Unbind me, my Delight, this Night is mine;
Now let me look upon what Stars here shine,
Let me behold the Beauties, then clap high
My colour'd Wings, proud of my Deity;
I am satisfy'd, bind me again, and fast,
My angry Bow will make too great a waste
Of Beauty else; now call my Maskers in,
Call with a Song, and let the Sports begin;
Call all my Servants the Effects of Love,
And to a Measure let them nobly move.
Come you Servants of proud Love,
Come away:
Fairly, nobly, gently move,
Too long, too long you make us stay;
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust and Jealousie, be you too here;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor Attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair;
Now full Musick strike the Air.

Enter the Maskers, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousie, Care, Ire, Despair, they dance, after which Cupid *speaks.*

Cupid. Away, I have done, the Day begins to light,
Lovers, you know your Fate, good Night, good Night.

Cupid *and the Graces ascend in the Chariot.*

King. Come to the Banquet, when that's ended, Sir,
I'll see you i'bed, and so good night; be merry;
You have a sweet Bed-Fellow. *Val.* I thank your Grace,
And ever shall be bound unto your Nobleness.

King. I pray I may deserve your Thanks, set forward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter divers Monks, Alphonso *going to the Tomb,* Rugio *and Friar,* Marco *discover the Tomb and a Chair.*

Mar. THE Night grows on, lead softly to the Tomb,
And sing not 'till I bid ye; let the Musick
Play gently as he passes. *Rug.* O fair Picture,
That wert the living Hope of all our Honours;
How are we banisht from the Joy we dreamt of?
Will he ne'er speak more?

Mar. 'Tis full three Months, Lord *Rugio*,
Since any articulate Sound came from his Tongue.
Set him down gently. [*Sits in a Chair.*

Rug. What should the Reason be, Sir?

Mar. As 'tis in Nature with those loving Husbands,
That sympathize their Wives Pains, and their Throes
When they are breeding, and 'tis usual too,
We have it by Experience; so in him, Sir,
In this most noble Spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd Father good *Brandino*
Fell sick, he felt the Griefs, and labour'd with them,
His Fits, and his Disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and had not Nature check'd him,
Strength and Ability, he had dy'd that Hour too.

Rug. Emblem of noble Love! *Mar.* That very Minute
His Father's Breath forsook him, that same Instant,
A rare Example of his Piety,
And Love paternal, the Organ of his Tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near Death
He seeks to wait upon his worthy Father,
But that we force his Meat, he were one Body.

Rug. He points to th' Tomb. *Mar.* That is the place he honours.
A House I fear he will not be long out of:
He will to th' Tomb, good my Lord lend your Hands;
Now sing the Funeral Song, and let him kneel,
For then he is pleas'd. [*A Song.*

Rug. Heav'n lend thy powerful Hand,
And ease this Prince. *Mar.* He will pass back again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly, I am hot with Wine too,
Lustily warm, I'll steal now to my Happiness,
'Tis Midnight, and the silent Hour invites me,
But she is up still, and attends the Queen;
Thou Dew of Wine and Sleep hang on their Eye-lids,

Steep their dull Senſes in the Healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my lov'd *Evanthe*.
The King is merry too, and drank unto me,
Sign of fair Peace. O this Night's Bleſſedneſs!
If I had forty Heads I would give all for't.
Is not the end of our Ambitions,
Of all our human Studies, and our Travels,
Of our Deſires, the obtaining of our Wiſhes?
Certain it is, and there Man makes his Center.
I have obtain'd *Evanthe*, I have married her,
Can any Fortune keep me from enjoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my Wiſh, what's left me to accuſe now?
I am Friends with all the World, but thy baſe Malice;
Go glory in thy Miſchiefs thou proud Man,
And cry it to the World thou haſt ruin'd Virtue,
How I contemn thee, and thy petty Malice!
And with what Scorn I look down on thy Practice!

Sor. You'll ſing me a new Song anon *Valerio*.

Val. I deſpiſe thee, Fellow,
Thy Threats, or Flatteries, all I fling behind me,
I have my end, I have thy noble Siſter,
A Name too worthy of thy Blood, I have married her,
And will enjoy her too. This very Night.

Val. And that ſhort Month I have to bleſs me with her
I'll make an Age, I'll reckon each Embrace
A Year of Pleaſure, and each Night a Jubile,
Every quick Kiſs a Spring; and when I mean
To loſe my ſelf in all Delightfulneſs,
Twenty ſweet Summers I will tye together
In ſpight of thee, and thy maligant Maſter;
I will die old in Love, though young in Pleaſure.

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee.
Thou art the pooreſt miſerable thing
This Day on Earth; I'll tell thee why, *Valerio*,
All thou eſteemeſt, and buildſt upon for Happineſs,
For Joy, for Pleaſure, for Delight, is paſt thee,
And like a wanton Dream already vaniſht.

Val. Is my Love falſe? *Sor.* No, ſhe is conſtant to thee,
Conſtant to all thy Miſery ſhe ſhall be.
And curſe thee too. *Val.* Is my ſtrong Body weaken'd,
Charm'd or abus'd with ſubtle Drink? Speak, Villain.

Sor. Neither, I dare ſpeak, thou art ſtill as luſty,
As when thou lov'dſt her firſt, as ſtrong and hopeful,
The Month thou haſt given thee is a Month of Miſery,
And where thou think'ſt each Hour ſhall yield a Pleaſure,

Look

Look for a killing Pain, for thou ſhalt find it
Before thou dyeſt, each Minute ſhall prepare it,
And ring ſo many Knells to ſad Afflictions;
The King has given thee a long Month to die in,
And miſerably die. *Val.* Undo thy Riddle,
I am prepar'd what ever Fate ſhall follow.
Sor. Doſt thou ſee this Ring?
Val. I know it too. *Sor.* Then mark me,
By Vertue of this Ring, this I pronounce to thee,
'Tis the King's Will. *Val.* Let me know it ſuddenly.
Sor. If thou doſt offer to touch *Evanthe*'s Body
Beyond a Kiſs, though thou art marry'd to her,
And lawfully as thou thinkeſt may'ſt enjoy her,
That Minute ſhe ſhall die. *Val.* O Devil ——
Sor. If thou diſcover this Command unto her,
Or to a Friend that ſhall importune thee,
And why thou abſtaineſt, and from whoſe Will, ye all periſh;
Upon the ſelf-ſame Forfeit: Are ye fitted, Sir?
Now if ye love her, ye may preſerve her Life ſtill,
If not, you know the worſt: how falls your Month out?
Val. This Tyranny could never be invented
But in the School of Hell, Earth is too innocent;
Not to enjoy her when ſhe is my Wife?
When ſhe is willing too? *Sor.* She is moſt willing,
And will run mad to miſs; but if you hit her,
Be ſure you hit her home, and kill her with it;
There are ſuch Women that will dye with Pleaſure:
The Axe will follow elſe, that will not fail
To fetch her Maiden-Head, and diſpatch her quickly;
Then ſhall the World know you are the cauſe of Murther,
And as 'tis requiſite your Life ſhall pay for't.
Val. Thou doſt but jeſt, thou canſt not be ſo monſtrous
As thou proclaim'ſt thy ſelf; thou art her Brother,
And there muſt be a feeling Heart within thee
Of her Afflictions, were thou a Stranger to us,
And bred amongſt wild Rocks, thy Nature wild too,
Affection in thee as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the Rocks that nouriſh'd thee,
Yet thou muſt ſhake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude Sea threatens Divorce amongſt 'em,
They that are ſenſeleſs things ſhake at a Tempeſt;
Thou art a Man—— *Sor.* Be thou too then, 'twill try thee,
And Patience now will beſt become thy Nobleneſs.
Val. Invent ſome other Torment to afflict me,
All, if thou pleaſe, put all Afflictions on me,
Study thy Brains out for 'em, ſo this be none
I care not of what Nature, nor what Cruelty,

Nor of what length. *Sor.* This is enough to vex ye.
Val. The Tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true,
And from me shall be registred Authentick;
To have my Joys within my Arms, and lawful,
Mine own Delights, yet dare not touch.
Even as thou hatest me Brother, let no young Man know this,
As thou shalt hope for Peace when thou most need'st it,
Peace in thy Soul, desire the King to kill me,
Make me a Traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,
And give thee cause, so I may die immediate,
Lock me in Prison where no Sun may see me,
In Walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me,
Keep me from Meat, and Drink, and Sleep, I'll bless thee;
Give me some damned Potion to deliver me,
That I may never know my self again, forget
My Country, Kindred, Name and Fortune; last,
That my chaste Love may never appear before me,
This were some Comfort. *Sor.* All I have I have brought ye,
And much good may it do ye, my dear Brother,
See ye observe it well; you will find about ye
Many Eyes set, that shall o'er-look your Actions,
If you transgress, ye know, and so I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Val. Heav'n be not angry, and I have some hope yet. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick, *and* Sorano.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?
Sor. Yes, and given him that, Sir,
Will make him curse his Birth; I told ye which way.
Did you but see him Sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected Nature
He walks now in a Mist, with what a silence,
As if he were the Shrowd he wrapt himself in,
And no more of *Valerio* but his Shadow,
He seeks Obscurity to hide his Thoughts in,
You would wonder and admire for all you know it,
His jollity is down, valed to the Ground, Sir,
And his high hopes of full Delights and Pleasures
Are turn'd Tormentors to him, strong Diseases.
Fred. But is there hope of her? *Sor.* It must fall necessary,
She must dislike him, quarrel with his Person,
For Women once deluded are next Devils,
And in the height of that Opinion, Sir,
You shall put on again, and she must meet ye.
Fred. I am glad of this. *Sor.* I'll tell ye all the Circumstance
Within this Hour; but sure I heard your Grace,
To Day as I attended, make some stops,
Some broken Speeches, and some sighs between,
And

And then your Brother's Name I heard distinctly,
And some ill Wishes after. *Fred.* Ye are i'th' right, Sir,
I would he were as sad I could with him,
Sad as the Earth. *Sor.* Would ye have it so?
Fred. Thou hearest me,
Though he be sick with small hope of Recovery,
That hope still lives, and Mens Eyes live upon it,
And in their Eye their Wishes; my Sorrow,
Were he but cold once in the Tomb he does on,
As 'tis the fittest place for Melancholy,
My Court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all Delights.
Sor. Go to your Pleasures, let me alone with this,
Hope shall not trouble ye, for he gives Days.
Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.
Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.
Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.
Fred. Be gone, they are going to Bed, I'll bid good Night to 'em,
Sor. And mark the Man, you'll scarce know 'tis *Valerio*. [*Exit.*
Cam. Chear up my noble Lord, the Minute's come,
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness;
We did you wrong, you need no Wine to warm ye,
Desire shoots through your Eyes like sudden Wild-fires.
Val. Bethrew me Lords, the Wine has made me dull,
I am I know not what. *Fred.* Good Pleasure to ye,
Good Night and long too, as you and your Appetite
You may fall to. *Val.* I do beseech your Grace,
For which of all my Loves and Services
Have I deserved this?
Fred. I am not bound to answer ye.
Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust Actions.
Fred. Do as you please, you know the Penalty,
And as I have a Soul it shall be executed;
Nay look not pale, I am not used to fear, Sir,
If you respect your Lady, good Night to ye. [*Exit.*
Val. But for respect to her, and to my Duty,
That reverend Duty that I owe my Soveraign,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,
The good Night should be thine; good Night for ever.
The King is wanton, Lords, he would needs know of me
How many nick Chases I would make to Night.
Men. My Lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect Gamester.
Val. Faith no, I am unacquainted with the Pleasure,
Bungle a Set I may: How my Heart trembles,
And beats my Breast as it would break his way out!
Good Night, my noble Friends.

Cle.

Cle. Nay we muſt ſee you toward your Bed, my Lord.
Val. Good faith it needs not,
'Tis late, and I ſhall trouble you.
Cam. No, no, till the Bride come, Sir.
Val. I beſeech you leave me,
You will make me baſhful elſe, I am ſo foolish,
Beſides, I have ſome few Devotions, Lords,
And he that can pray with ſuch a Book in's Arms——
Cam. We'll leave ye then, and a ſweet Night wait upon ye.
Men. And a ſweet Iſſue of this ſweet Night crown ye.
Cle. All Nights and Days be ſuch till you grow old, Sir.
[Exeunt Lords.

Val. I thank ye, 'tis a Curſe ſufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you mean a Bleſſing.
What ſhall I do? I am like a wretched Debtor,
That has a ſum to tender on the Forfeit
Of all he is worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other Men ſee the Sun, yet I muſt wink at it,
And though I know 'tis perfect Day, deny it:
My Veins are all on Fire, and burn like *Etna*,
Youth and Deſire beat larums to my Blood,
And add freſh Fuel to my warm Affections.
I muſt injoy her, yet when I conſider,
When I collect my ſelf, and weigh her danger,
The Tyrant's Will, and his Power taught to Murther,
My tender care controuls my Blood within me,
And like a cold fit of a peeviſh Ague
Creeps to my Soul, and flings an Ice upon me.

Enter Queen, Evanthe, *Ladies, and Pool.*

That locks all powers of Youth up; But prevention——
O what a bleſſedneſs 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, Bed-rid with Diſeaſes,
Or halt on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen*;
What a rare benefit! But I am curſt,
That that ſpeaks other Men moſt freely happy,
And makes all Eyes hang on their Expectations,
Muſt prove the bane of me, Youth, and Ability.
She comes to Bed, how ſhall I entertain her?
Tony. Nay I come after too, take the Fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at Weddings.
Queen, Evanthe, make ye unready, your Lord ſtays for ye,
And prethee be merry. *Tony.* Be very merry, Chicken,
Thy Lord will Pipe to thee anon, and make thee Dance too.
Lady. Will he ſo, good-man Ass? *Tony.* Yes good Filly,
And you had ſuch a Pipe, that piped ſo ſweetly,
You would dance to Death, you have learnt your ſinque a pace.

Evan.

Evan. Your Grace desires that that is too free in me,
Tony. Thou wilt be anon,
The young smug Boy will give thee a sweet Cordial.
Evan. I am so taken up in all my Thoughts,
So possest Madam with the lawful sweets
I shall this Night partake of with my Lord,
So far transported (pardon my Immodesty,)
Val. Alas poor Wench, how shall I recompence thee?
Evan. That thought they must be theirs, and snatcht away too
Ere they grew ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em
Before a delicious Feast with Repentance.
Val. O how my Heart dies! *Evan.* Take off my Jewels, Ladies,
And let my Ruff loose, I shall bid good Night to ye,
My Lord stays here. *Queen.* My Wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to tie thy self Hours handsomly,
They will be years I hope, off with your Gown now,
Lay down the Bed there? *Tony.* Shall I get into it
And warm it for thee? a Fool's Fire is a fine thing,
And I'll so buss thee.
Queen. I'll have ye whipt, ye Rascal.
Tony. That will provoke me more, I'll talk with thy Husband,
He's a wise Man I hope. *Evan.* Good night dear Madam,
Ladies, no further Service, I am well,
I do beseech your Grace to give us this leave,
My Lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other Ceremonies,
Women and Page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no farther. *Tony.* Art thou a wise Man?
Val. I cannot tell thee *Tony*, ask my Neighbours.
Tony. If thou beest so, go lye with me to Night,
The old Fool will lie quieter than the young one,
And give thee more Sleep, thou wilt look to Morrow else
Worse than the prodigal Fool the Ballad speaks of,
That was squeez'd through a Horn. *Val.* I shall take thy Counsel.
Queen. Why then good night, good night my best *Evanthe*,
My worthy Maid, and as that Name shall vanish,
A worthy Wife, a long and happy, follow Sirrah.
Evan. That shall be my care, Goodness rest with your Grace.
Queen. Be lusty Lord, and take your Lady to ye,
And that Power that shall part ye be unhappy!
Val. Sweet rest unto ye, to ye all sweet Ladies;
Tony good night. *Tony.* Shall not the Fool stay with thee?
Queen. Come away Sirrah. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Tony. How the Fool is sought for! Sweet Malt is made of easie Fire,
A hasty Horse will quickly tire, a sudden Leaper sticks i'th Mire,
Phlebotomy and the word lie nigher, take heed of Friend, I thee require,
This

This from an Almanack I make, and learn this Lesson from a Fool:
Good night my Bird.

Evan. Good night, wise Master *Tony*.
Will ye to Bed, my Lord? Come, let me help ye.

Val. To Bed *Evanthe*, art thou sleepy?

Evan. No, I shall be worse if you look sad upon me.
Pray ye let's to Bed. *Val.* I am not well, my Love.

Evan. I'll make ye well, there's no such Physick for ye
As your warm Mistress's Arms. *Val.* Art thou so cunning?

Evan. I speak not by experience, pray ye suspect me not,
But if ye love me—— *Val.* I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of Desire,
I know not how to answer thee. *Evan.* To Bed then.
There I shall better credit you: fie my Lord,
Will ye put a Maid to't, to teach ye what to do?
An innocent Maid? Are ye so cold a Lover?
In truth you make me blush, 'tis Midnight too,
And 'tis no stoln Love, but authorised openly,
No Sin we covet; pray let me undress ye.
You shall help me; prithee sweet *Valerio*
Be not so sad, the King will be more merciful.

Val. May not I love thy Mind? *Evan.* And I yours too,
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with Virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our Bodies and our Minds together,
And so make up the concord of Affection,
Our Love will prove but a blind Superstition:
This is no School to argue in, my Lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us,
Pray let's dispatch, if any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they think?
Come, kiss me, and to Bed.

Val. That I dare do, and kiss again.

Evan. Spare not, they are your own, Sir.

Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious;
Too sensual in my Love, and too ambitious;
O how I burn! to pluck thee from the Stalk,
Where now thou grow'st a sweet Bud and a beauteous,
And bear'st the prime and honour of the Garden,
Is but to violate thy Spring, and spoil thee.

Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger ye.

Val. Let's sit together thus, and as we sit
Feed on the sweets of one another's Souls.
The happiness of Love is Contemplation,
The blessedness of Love is pure Affection,
Where no allay of actual dull Desires,

Of Heaven that smiles upon his Vertuous Deeds,
Of Nature's Fire that keeps your Eye and Heart,
And leaves the Body more pure and perfect,
Can ever miss; he's sin'd out this Enjoying,
That's Everlasting, this other Momentary,
Eternity breeds ours, this other Horrour,
Blind as her self, and full of all Affliction.
Shall we leave sinning? *Evan.* I ever feared it.
Val. And only think our Love; this sacred Pleasure,
And that we most desire, let it be Human,
If once enjoy'd powers Gods, and Gods our Appetites,
I would not kiss in my Love for any Heaven,
Nor find thee but the same in my Fruition,
For my Love's fiery. *Evan.* Now I see I am old, Sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despised,
And am not worth your noble Fellowship,
Your fellowship in Love, you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a Maid,
A Maid that honours you thus piously,
Strive to abuse the pious Love she bears ye.
Farewel my Lord, since ye have a better Mistress,
For it must seem so, or ye are no Man,
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
So much I love ye still. *Val.* Stay my *Evanthe*,
Heav'n bear me Witness, thou art all I love,
All I desire; and now have Pity on me,
I never lyed before, forgive me Justice,
Youth and Affection stop your Ears unto me.
Evan. Why do you weep? If I have spoken too harshly,
And unbeseeming, my beloved Lord,
My Care and Duty, pardon me. *Val.* O hear me,
Hear me *Evanthe*; I am all in Torture,
And this Lie tears my Conscience as I vent it;
I am no Man. *Evan.* How, Sir?
Val. No Man for Pleasure, no Woman's Man.
Evan. Goodness forbid my Lord, sure you abuse your self.
Val. 'Tis true, *Evanthe*;
I shame to say you should find it. [*Weeps.*]
Evan. He weeps bitterly,
'Tis my hard Fortune, Maids fly all young Maids from it;
Is there no help, my Lord, in Art will comfort ye?
Val. I hope there is. *Evan.* How long have you been desirous?
Val. Since I was young. *Evan.* 'Tis hard to die for nothing.
Now you shall know 'tis not the Pleasure, Sir,
(For I am compell'd to love you spiritually)
That Women aim at, I affect ye for,

'Tis for your Worth; and kiss me, be at Peace;
Because I ever lov'd ye, I still honour ye,
And with all Duty to my Husband follow ye;
Will ye to Bed now? ye are asham'd it seems;
Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold Stone took Life;
You do not know with what Zeal I shall ask, Sir,
And what rare Miracle that may work upon ye;
Still blush? prescribe your Law. *Val.* I prithee pardon me,
To Bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our Fortunes, our unhappy ones;
Do not despise me, make me not more wretched.
I pray to Heav'n, when I am gone, *Evanthe*,
As my poor Date is but a Span of time now,
To recompence thy nobly Patience,
Thy Love and Virtue with a fruitful Husband,
Honest and honourable.

Evan. Come, you have made me weep now,
All fond Desire die here, and welcome Chastity,
Honour and Chastity; do what you please, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter at one Door Rugio *and Friar* Marco, *at the other Door* Sorano, *with a little Glass Vial.*

Rug. WHAT ails this Piece of Mischief to look sad?
He seems to weep too.

Mar. Something is a hatching,
And of some bloody Nature too, Lord *Rugio*,
This Crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

Sor. Hail holy Father,
And good Day to the good Lord *Rugio*;
How fares the sad Prince, I beseech ye, Sir?

Rug. 'Tis like you know, you need not ask that Question,
You have your Eyes and Watches on his Miseries
As near as ours, I would they were as tender.

Mar. Can you do him good? As the King and you appointed him,
So he is still, as you desir'd I think too,
For every Day he is worse (Heav'n pardon all)
Put off your Sorrow, you may laugh now, Lord,
He cannot last long to disturb your Master,
You have done worthy Service to his Brother,
And the most memorable Love.

Sor. You do not know, Sir,
With what Remorse I ask, nor with what weariness

I

I groan and bow under the Load of Honour,
And how my Soul sighs for the beastly Services
I have done his Pleasures, these be witness with me,
And from your Piety believe me Father,
I would as willingly uncloath my self
Of Title, that becomes me not, I know,
Good Men and great Names best agree together;
Cast off the glorious Favours, and the Trappings
Of Sound and Honour, Wealth and Promises,
His wanton Pleasures have flung on my Weakness,
And chuse to serve my Country's Cause and Virtues,
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my Ruins,
As I would hope Remission of my Mischiefs.

Rug. Old and experienc'd Men, my Lord *Soranzo*,
Are not so quickly caught with gilt Hypocrisie;
You pull your Claws in now and fawn upon us,
As Lions do to entice poor foolish Beasts;
And Beasts we should be too if we believed ye;
Go exercise your Art. *Sor.* For Heav'ns sake scorn me not,
Nor add more Hell to my afflicted Soul
Than I feel here; as you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me:
I will no more to Court, be no more Devil,
I know I must be hated even of him
That was my Love now, and the more he loves me
For his foul Ends, when they shall once appear to him
Muster before his Conscience and accuse him,
The fouler and the more falls his Displeasure.
Princes are fading things, so are their Favours.

Mar. He weeps again, his Heart is touch't sure with remorse.

Sor. See this, and give me fair Attention, good my Lord
And worthy Father see, within this Vial
The Remedy and Cure of all my Honour,
And of the sad Prince, lyes. *Rug.* What new Trick's this?

Sor. 'Tis true, I have done Offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the Prince *Alphonso*,
And whilst I was a Knave I sought his Death too.

Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.

Sor. But Father, when I felt this Part afflict me,
This inward Part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my Misdeeds and Mischiefs—— *Mar.* Well, go on Sir.

Sor. O then, then, then, what was my Glory then, Father?
The Favour of the King, what did that ease me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all Creatures?
Worship, and court'd, what did this avail me?
I was a Wretch a poor lost Wretch. *Mar.* Still better,

Sor. 'Till in the midst of all my Grief I found
Repentance, and a learned Man to give the Means to it,
A Jew, an honest and a rare Physician;
Of him I had this Jewel; 'tis a Jewel,
And at the Price of all my Wealth I bought it,
If the King knew it I must lose my Head,
And willingly, most willingly I would suffer,
A Child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.
Mar. To whom would you apply it?
Sor. To the sick Prince,
It will in half a Day dissolve his Melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him Sleep for ever.
What Impudence is this, and what base Malice,
To make us Instruments of thy Abuses?
Are we set here to poison him?
Sor. Mistake not; yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble Care,
And worthy virtuous Servants: if you will see
A flourishing Estate again in *Naples*,
And great *Alphonso* reign that's truly good,
And like himself able to make all excel eat;
Give him this Drink, and this good Health unto him. [*Drinks.*
I am not so desperate yet to kill my self;
Never look on me as a guilty Man,
Nor on the Water as a speedy Poison:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my Treasure,
My Conscience and my Credit, to abuse ye:
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
Upon my Heart and Head! Sure I am a new Man,
There is no sadness that I feel within me,
But as it meets it, like a lazy Vapour
How it flies off. Here, give it him with Speed,
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the Name of evil Subjects,
If but an Hour you hold this from his Health.
Rug. 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure, he is a good Man,
It must be so, come, let's apply it presently,
And may it sweetly work.
Sor. Pray let me hear on't, and carry it close, my Lords.
Mar. Yes, good *Soranzo*. [*Exeunt* Rugio *and* Marco.
Sor. Do my good Fools, and honest pious Coxcombs,
My wary Fools too: Have I caught your Wisdoms?
You never dreamt I knew an Antidote,
Nor how to take it to secure mine own Life,
I am an Ass, go, give him the fine Cordial,
And when you have done go dig his Grave, good Frier.
Some two Hours hence we shall have such a Bawling,

And

And roaring up and down for Aqua vitæ,
Such rubbing, and such pointing, and such coolings,
I have seen him that will make a Bonfire in's Belly,
If he recover it, there is no Heat in Hell sure. [Exit.

Enter Frederick, *and* Pedrano.

Fred. Pedrano? *Ped.* Sir.
Fred. Call hither Lord *Valerio*, and let none trouble us.
Ped. It shall be done, Sir. [Exit.
Fred. I know he wants no Additions to his Tortures,
He has enough for human Blood to carry,
Yet I must vex him further;
So many, that I wonder his hot Youth
And high-bred Spirit breaks not into Fury;
I must yet torture him a little further,
And make my self Sport with his Miseries,
My Anger is too poor elfe. Here he comes.

Enter Valerio.

Now my young marry'd Lord, how do you feel your self,
You have the Happiness you ever aim'd at,
The Joy and Pleasure. *Val.* Would you had the like, Sir.
Fred. You tumble in Delights with your sweet Lady,
And draw the Minutes out in dear Embraces,
You live a right Lord's Life. *Val.* Would you had tryed it,
That you might know the Virtue but to suffer;
Your Anger, though it be unjust and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your Scorn;
To do a willful ill, and glory in it,
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.
Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and free Prince,
High in his favours too; that has confer'd
Such hearts ease, and such heaps of comfort on thee,
All thou couldst ask? *Val.* You are grown a Tyrant too
Upon so suffering, and so still a Subject;
You have put upon me such a Punishment,
That if your Youth were honest it would blush at:
But you are a shame to Nature, as to Virtue.
Pull not my Rage upon ye, 'tis so just,
It will give way to no respect; my Life,
My innocent Life, I dare maintain it, Sir,
Like a wanton Prodigal you have flung away;
Had I a thousand more I would allow 'em,
And be as careless of 'em as your will is;
But to deny those rights the Law hath given me,
The holy Law, and make her Life the Penance,
Is such a studied and unheard of Malice,
No Heart that is not hired from Hell dare think of;

To

To do it then too, when my Hopes were high,
High as my Blood, all my Desires upon me,
My free Affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Cassandra.

And she mine own, Do you smile at this? Is't done well?
Is there not Heav'n above you that sees all? [*Exit* Val.

Fred. Come hither Tims, how does your noble Mistress?

Cas. As a Gentlewoman may do in her case that's newly married, Sir:
Sickly sometimes, and fond on't, like your Majesty.

Fred. She is Breeding then?

Cas. She wants much of her Colour,
And has her qualms as Ladies use to have, Sir,
And her disgusts.

Fred. And keeps her Chamber? *Cas.* Yes, Sir.

Fred. And eats good Broths and Jellies.

Cas. I am sure she sighs, Sir, and weeps, good Lady.

Fred. Alas, good Lady, for it,
She should have one could comfort her, *Cassandra*,
Could turn those Tears to Joys, a lusty Comforter.

Cas. A comfortable Man does well at all hours,
For he brings comfortable things. [Onions;

Fred. Come hither, and hold your Fan between, you have eaten
Her Breath stinks like a Fox, her Teeth are contagious,
These old Women are all Elder-pipes, do ye mark me?

[*Gives a Purse.*

Cas. Yes, Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit,
That am both old and virtuous?

Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older still the better,
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,
Yet upon necessary use —— *Cas.* 'Tis true, Sir.

Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still, speak unto her,
You are familiar; I pray, unto her,
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.

Cas. Alas, she is honest, Sir, she is very honest,
And would you have my Gravity ——

Fred. I, I, your Gravity will become the cause the better,
I'll look thee out a Knight shall make thee a Lady too,
A lusty Knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee,
And add to these, I'll make 'em good, no mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good Lady,
But do it home, we'll all be friends too, tell her,
And such a joy —— *Cas.* That's it that stirs me up, Sir,
I would not for the World attempt her Chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.

Fred. For that I urge it too.

Cas. A little evil may well be suffered for a general good, Sir,
I'll take my leave of your Majesty. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately, be speedy too. Here comes *Valerio*,
If his Affliction have allayed his Spirit
My work has end. Come hither, Lord *Valerio*,
How do you now? *Val.* Your Majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tye up Mens honest Wills, and Actions.
Fred. You clearly see now, brave *Valerio*,
What 'tis to be the Rival to a Prince,
To interpose against a raging Lion;
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it,
And if you dare be worthy of my Mercy,
I can yet heal you, yield up your *Evarine*,
Take off my Sentence also. *Val.* I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor sad Heart under your Feet I lay,
And all the Service of my life.
Fred. Do this then, for without this 'twill be impossible,
Part with her for a while. *Val.* You have parted us,
What should I do with that I cannot use, Sir?
Fred. 'Tis well consider'd, let me have the Lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference——
Val. Will she come, do you think, Sir?
Fred. She must be wrought, I know she is too modest,
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, Sir,
Fred. And secretly it must be done. *Val.* As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant ye her Honour shall be fair still,
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, *Valerio*;
You see a thousand that bear sober Faces,
And shew off as inimitable Modesties,
You would be sworn too that they were pure Matrons,
And most chaste Maids; and yet to augment their Fortunes,
And get them noble Friends—— *Val.* They are content, Sir,
In private to bestow their Beauties on 'em.
Fred. They are so, and they are wise, they know no want for't,
Nor no Eye sees they want their honesties.
Val. If it might be carried thus. *Fred.* It shall be, Sir.
Val. I'll see you dead first; with this caution,
Why, sure I think it might be done. *Fred.* Yes, easily.
Val. For what time would your desire Grace her Body?
Fred. A Month or two, it shall be carried still
As if she kept with you, and were a Stranger,
Rather a Hater of the Grace I offer;
And then I will return her with such honour——
Val. 'Tis very like I dote much on your Honour.

Fred.

Fred. And load her with such Favour too, *Valerio*——

Val. She never shall claw off? I humbly thank ye.

Fred. I'll make ye both the happiest, and the richest,
And the mightiest too—— *Val.* But who shall work her, Sir?
For on my Conscience she is very hoself,
And will be hard to cut as a rough Diamond.

Fred. Why, you must work her, any thing from your Tongue,
Set off with golden and persuasive Language,
Urging your dangers too. *Val.* But, all this time
Have you the Conscience, Sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal?

Fred. There be a thousand, take where you will.

Val. May I make bold with your Queen,
She is useless to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,
And but a loyal Wife that may be both too,
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.

Fred. How, Sir?

Val. 'Tis so, Sir: thou most glorious Impudence,
Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,
But thou must pick me out to make a Monster?
A hated wonder to the World? Do you hear,
At my intrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a High-way through mine Honour,
And make me pave it too? But that thy Queen
Is of that excellent Honesty,
And guarded with Divinity about her,
No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhallowed,
I would so right my self. *Fred.* Why, take her to ye,
I am not vex'd at this, thou shalt enjoy her,
I'll be thy Friend, if that may win thy courtesie.

Val. I will not be your Bawd, though for your Royal
Was I brought up, and nourish'd in the Court,
With thy most Royal Brother, and thy self,
Upon thy Father's charge, thy happy Father's,
And suck'd the sweetness of all human Arts,
Learn'd Arms and Honour, to become a Rascal?
Was this the expectation of my Youth,
My growth of Honour? Do you speak this truly,
Or do you try me, Sir? for I believe not,
At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible
There should be such a Devil in a King's shape,
Such a malignant Fiend. *Fred.* I thank ye, Sir,
To Morrow is your last day, and look to it,
Get from my sight, away.

Val. Ye are---Oh, my Heart's too high and full to think upon ye.

{*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Evanthe, *and* Cassandra.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified *Cassandra*,
That I should be a Whore? *Cas.* Why a Whore, Madam?
If every Woman that upon necessity
Did a good turn, for there's the main point, mark it,
Were term'd a Whore, who would be honest, Madam?
Your Lord's Life, and your own, are now in hazard,
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
Little or nothing; say an hour's or day's sport,
Or such a Toy, the end to it is wantonness.
(That we call Lust that Maidens lose their Fame for)
But a compell'd necessity of Honour,
Fair as the Day, and clear as Innocence,
Upon my Life and Conscience, a direct way——

Evan. To be a Rascal. *Cas.* 'Tis a kind of Rape too,
That keeps you clean, for where your Will's compell'd,
Though you yield up your Body, you are safe still.

Evan. Thou art grown a learned Bawd, I ever look'd
Thy great sufficiency would break out. *Cas.* You may,
You that are young and fair, scorn us old Creatures,
But you must know my years, e'er you be wise, Lady,
And my Experience too; say the King loved ye?
Say it were nothing else?

Evan. I, marry Wench, now thou comest to me.

Cas. Do you think Princes Favours are such slight Things,
To fling away when you please? There be young Ladies,
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too. *Evan.* Such are light enough;
I am no Vaulter, Wench; but canst thou tell me,
Though he be a King, whether he be sound or no?
I would not give my Youth up to Infection.

Cas. As sound as Honour ought to be, I think, Lady;
Go to, be wise, I do not bid you try him;
But if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your Lord's Life hanging on the Hazard of it,
If you be so wilful proud.

Evan. Thou speakest to the point still;
But when I have lain with him, what am I then, Gentlewoman?

Cas. What are you? why, the same you are now, a Woman,
A virtuous Woman; and a noble Woman,
Touching at what is noble, you become so.
Had *Lucrece* e'er been thought of but for *Tarquin*?
She was before a simple unknown Woman,
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend Saint;
And do you think she yielded not a little?
And had a kind of Will to have been re-ravish'd?

Believe it, yes: There are a thousand Stories
Of wondrous loyal Women, that have slipt,
But it has been on the Ice of tender Honour,
That kept 'em cool still to the World. I think you are blest,
That have such an Occasion in your Hands to beget a Chronicle,
A faithful one. *Evan.* It must needs be much Honour.
Cas. As you may make it, infinite, and safe too;
And when 'tis done, your Lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you please. *Evan.* But suppose this, Wench,
The King should so delight me with his Company,
I should forget my Lord, and no more look on him.
Cas. That's the main Hazard, for I tell you truly,
I have heard Report speak he is an infinite Pleaser,
Almost above Belief; there be some Ladies,
And modest to the World too, wondrous modest,
That have had the Blessedness to try his Body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new *Hercules*.
Evan. So strongly able? *Cas.* There will be the Danger,
You being but a young and tender Lady,
Although your Mind be good, yet your weak Body,
At first encounter too, to meet with one,
Of his unconquer'd Strength. *Evan.* Peace thou rude Bawd,
Thou studied old Corruptress, tye thy Tongue up,
Your hired base Tongue; is this your timely Counsel?
Dost thou seek to make me dote on Wickedness?
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?
To be a Whore, because he has sufficiency
To make a Hundred? O thou Impudence!
Have I reliev'd thy Age to mine own Ruin?
And worn thee in my Bosom, to betray me?
Can Years and Impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?
And where thy Blood wants Heat to sin thy self,
Force thy decrepit Will to make me wicked?
Cas. I did but tell ye. *Evan.* What the damnedst Woman,
The cunning'st and the skilful'st Bawd comes short of;
If thou hadst liv'd ten Ages to be damn'd in,
And exercis'd this Art the Devil taught thee,
Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly.
Cas. I did not bid you sin. *Evan.* Thou wood'st me to it;
Thou that are fit for Prayer and the Grave,
Thy Body Earth already, and Corruption,
Thou taught'st the way; go follow your fine Function,
There are Houses of Delight, that want good Matrons,
Such grave Instructors, get thee thither, Monster,

And

And read variety of Sins to Wantons,
And when they roar with Pains, learn to make Plaiſters.
Caſ. This we have for our good Wills.
Evan. If e'er I ſee thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair Light I'll ſpoil thy Bawdery,
I'll leave thee neither Eyes nor Noſe to grace thee.
When thou wanteſt Bread, and common Pity towards thee,
Enter Frederick.
And art a ſtarving in a Ditch, think of me,
Then die, and let the wandring Bawds lament thee;
Be gone, I charge thee leave me. *Caſ.* You'll repent this. [*Exit.*
Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too, my ſuit's cold.
I'll make your Heart ake, ſtubborn Wench, for this;
Turn not ſo angry from me, I will ſpeak to you,
Are you grown ſo proud with your Delight, good Lady,
So pamper'd with your Sport, you ſcorn to know me?
Evan. I ſcorn ye not, I would you ſcorn'd not me, Sir,
And forc'd me to be weary of my Duty;
I know your Grace, would I had never ſeen ye.
Fred. Becauſe I love you, becauſe I dote upon ye,
Becauſe I am a Man that ſeek to pleaſe ye.
Evan. I have Man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the World can yield. *Fred.* That's but your Modeſty,
You have no Man, nay never look upon me,
I know it, Lady, no Man to content ye,
No Man that can, or at the leaſt, that dares,
Which is a poorer Man, and nearer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd. *Fred.* I'll tell thee, Wench,
The poor Condition of this poorer Fellow,
And make thee bluſh for ſhame at thine own Error;
He never tendred yet a Husband's Duty
To thy warm longing Bed. *Evan.* How ſhould he know that?
Fred. I am ſure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his Life I charg'd him, but to try him;
Could any brave or noble Spirit ſtop here?
Was Life to be preferr'd before Affection?
Lawful and long'd for too? *Evan.* Did you command him?
Fred. I did in policy to try his Spirit.
Evan. And could he be ſo dead cold to obſerve it?
Brought I no Beauty, nor no Love along with me?
Fred. Why, that is it that makes me ſcorn to name him.
I ſhould have lov'd him if he had ventur'd for't,
Nay, doted on his Bravery. *Evan.* Only charg'd?
And with that ſpell ſit down? dare Men fight bravely

For poor ſlight things, for Drink, or Oſtentation;
And there indanger both their Lives and Fortunes?
And for their lawful Loves fly off with fear?
Fred. 'Tis true, and with a cunning baſe fear too to abuſe thee;
Made thee believe, poor innocent *Evanthe*,
Wretched young Girl, it was his Impotency;
Was it not ſo? deny it. [Man!
Evan. O my anger! at my Years to be cozen'd with a young
Fred. A ſtrong Man too, certain he lov'd ye dearly.
Evan. To have my Shame and Love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a weight to ſink me,
I would have dyed a thouſand times.
Fred. So would any,
Any that had the Spirit of a Man;
I would have been kill'd in your Arms.
Evan. I would he had been,
And buried in mine Arms, that had been noble,
And what a Monument would I have made him?
Upon this Breaſt he ſhould have ſlept in peace,
Honour and everlaſting Love his Mourners;
And I ſtill weeping 'till old Time had turn'd me,
And pitying Powers above, into pure Cryſtal.
Fred. Hadſt thou lov'd me, and had my way been ſtuck
With Deaths, as thick as froſty Nights with Stars,
I would have ventur'd.
Evan. Sure there is ſome trick in't; *Valerio* ne'er was Coward.
Fred. Worſe than this too,
Tamer, and ſeaſoning of a baſer Nature,
He ſet your Woman on ye to betray ye,
Your bawdy Woman, or your ſin Sollicitor;
I pray but think what this Man may deſerve now,
I know he did, and did it to pleaſe me too.
Evan. Good Sir affli& me not too faſt, I feel
I am a Woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And ſenſible I am of my abuſes.
Sir, you have loved me. (Perſon.
Fred. And I love thee ſtill, pity thy wrongs, and doat upon thy
Evan. To ſet my Woman on me 'twas too baſe, Sir.
Fred. Abominable vile. *Evan.* But I ſhall fit him.
Fred. All Reaſon and all Law allows it to ye,
And ye are a Fool, a tame Fool, if you ſpare him.
Evan. You may ſpeak now, and happily prevail too,
And I beſeech your Grace be angry with me.
Fred. I am at Heart. She ſtaggers in her Faith,
And will fall off I hope, I'll ply her ſtill.
Thou abuſed Innocence, I ſuffer with thee,

If

If I ſhould give him Life, he would ſtill betray thee;
That Fool that fears to die for ſuch a Beauty,
Would for the ſame fear ſell thee unto miſery.
I do not ſay he would have been Bawd himſelf too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay then I ſmell the Malice,
It taſtes too hot of practis'd wickedneſs,
There can be no ſuch Man, I am ſure no Gentleman;
Shall my Anger make me Whore, and not my Pleaſure?
My ſudden inconſiderate Rage abuſe me?
Come home again, my frighted Faith, my Virtue,
Home to my Heart again; he be a Bawd too?
Fred. I will not ſay he offered fair, *Evanthe.*
Evan. Nor do not dare, 'twill be an impudence,
And not an Honour for a Prince to lie;
Fye, Sir, a Perſon of your Rank to trifle,
I know you do lie. *Fred.* How? (Day,
Evan. Lie ſhamefully, and I could wiſh my ſelf a Man but one
To tell you openly you lie too baſely.
Fred. Take heed, wild Fool.
Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame Devil,
Thou all *Pandora*'s Box in a King's Figure,
Thou haſt almoſt whor'd my weak Belief already,
And like an Engineer blown up mine Honour;
But I ſhall countermine, and catch your Miſchief,
This little Fort you ſeek, I ſhall man nobly,
And ſtrongly too, with chaſte Obedience
To my dear Lord, with virtuous Thoughts that ſcorn ye.
Victorious *Thomyris* ne'er won more Honour
In cutting off the Royal Head of *Cyrus*,
Than I ſhall do in conquering thee; farewel,
And if thou canſt be wiſe, learn to be good too,
'Twill give thee nobler Lights than both thine Eyes do.
My poor Lord and my ſelf are bound to ſuffer,
And when I ſee him faint under your Sentence,
I'll tell ye more, it may be then I'll yield too.
Fred. Fool unexampl'd, ſhall my Anger follow thee? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rugio, *and* Friar Marco, *amaz'd.*

Rug. Curſt on our Sights, our fond Credulities,
A thouſand Curſes on the Slave that cheated us,
The damned Slave.
Mar. We have e'en ſham'd our Service,
Brought our beſt Care and Loyalties to nothing,
'Tis the moſt fearful Poyſon, the moſt potent,
Heav'n give him Patience: Oh it works moſt ſtrongly,
And tears him, Lord. *Rug.* That we ſhould be ſo ſtupid
To truſt the arrant'ſt Villain that e'er flatter'd,

The

The bloodieſt too, to believe a few ſoft Words from him,
And give way to his prepar'd Tears.
Alphonſo, Within. Oh, Oh, Oh.
Rug. Hark, Fryar *Marco*, hark, the poor Prince:
That we ſhould be ſuch Block-heads,
As to be taken with his drinking firſt!
And never think what Antidotes are made for!
Two Wooden Souls we have, and we deſerve to be hang'd for't;
For certainly it will be laid to our Charge;
As certain too, it will diſpatch him ſpeedily,
Which way to turn, or what to——
Mar. Let's pray, Heav'n's Hand is ſtrong.
Rug. The Poiſon's ſtrong, you would ſay.
Enter Alphonſo, *carried on a Couch by two Fryars.*
Would any thing——He comes, let's give him Comfort.
Alph. Give me more Air, Air, more Air, blow, blow,
Open thou Eaſtern Gate, and blow upon me,
Diſtil thy cold Dews, O thou Icy Moon,
And Rivers run thro' my afflicted Spirits.
I am all Fire, Fire, Fire, the raging Dog-Star,
Reigns in my Blood, O which way ſhall I turn me?
Ætna, and all his Flames burn in my Head.
Fling me into the Occean, or I periſh;
Dig, dig, dig, till the Springs fly up,
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my ſcorch'd Limbs in their purling Pleaſures.
Or ſhoot me up into the higher Region,
Where Treaſures of delicious Snow are nouriſh'd,
And Banquets of ſweet Hail.
Rug. Hold him faſt, Fryar, O how he burns!
Alph. What, will ye ſacrifice me?
Upon the Altar lay my willing Body,
And pile your Wood up, fling your holy Incenſe;
And as I turn me you ſhall ſee all Flame,
Conſuming Flame; ſtand off me, or you are Aſhes.
Both. Moſt miſerable Wretches. *Alph.* Bring hither Charity
And let me hug her, Fryar, they ſay ſhe's cold,
Infinite cold, Devotion cannot warm her;
Draw me a River of falſe Lovers Tears
Clean thro' my Breaſt, they are dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give Eaſe; let Virgins ſigh upon me,
Forſaken Souls, the Sighs are precious,
Let them all ſigh: Oh Hell, Hell, Hell, Oh Horrour!
Mar. To Bed, good Sir. *Alph.* My Bed will burn about me,
Like *Phaeton*, in all conſuming Flaſhes
I am incloſed, let me fly, give room;

Betwixt

Betwixt the cold Bear, and the raging Lion
Lies my safe way; O for a Cake of Ice now,
To cool and tame thy Heart to comfort me.
Decrepit Winter hang upon my Shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen Icicles
Like Jewels round about my Head, to cool me;
My Eyes burn out, and sink into their Sockets,
And my infected Brain like Brimstone boils.
I live in Hell, and several Furies vex me;
O carry me where no Sun ever shew'd yet
A Face of Comfort, where the Earth is chrystal,
Never to be dissolv'd, where naught inhabits
But Night and Cold, and nipping Frosts, and Winds
That cut the stubborn Rocks and make them shiver;
Set me there, Friends. (he has!

Rug. Hold fast, he must to Bed, Frier, what scalding sweats

Mar. He'll scald in Hell for't, that was the Cause.

Alph. Drink, Drink, a world of Drink,
Fill all the Cups and all the antique Vessels,
And borrow Pots, let me have Drink enough;
Bring all the worthy Drunkards of the Time,
The experienc'd Drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worst, I'll make them Idcots,
I'll lye upon my Back and swallow Vessels;
Have Rivers made of cooling Wine run through me,
Not stay for this Man's Health, or this great Prince's,
But take an Ocean, and begin to all; oh, oh.

Mar. He cools a little, now away with him,
And to his warm Bed presently.

Alph. No Drink? no Wind? no cooling Air?

Rug. You shall have any thing.
His hot fit lessens, Heav'n put in a Hand now,
And save his Life; the's Drink, Sir, in your Chamber,
And all cool things.

Alph. Away, away, let's fly to 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio *and* Evanthe.

Evan. To say you were impotent, I am asham'd on't,
To make your self no Man, to a fresh Maid too,
A longing Maid upon her Wedding Night also,
To give her such a dor. *Val.* I prithee pardon me.

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable,
Or like a Gentleman under the Surgeon's Hands,
And so not able, there had been some Colour;
But wretchedly to take a Weakness to ye,
A fearful Weakness, to abuse your Body,
And let a Lie work like a Spell upon ye,

A Lie to save your Life!

Val. Will you give me Leave, Sweet?

Evan. You have taken too much Leave; and too base Leave too;
To wrong your Love: hast thou a noble Spirit?
And canst thou look up to the Peoples Loves,
That call thee worthy, and not blush, *Valerio*?
Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,
And no Shame touch thee?

Val. Shame attend the sinful, I know my Innocence.

Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a double Weakness,
And shews thee falser still: The King himself,
Though he be wicked, and our Enemy,
But juster than thou art, in pity of my Injuries,
Told me the Truth. *Val.* What did he tell thee, *Evanthe*?

Evan. That but to gain thy Life a Fortnight longer,
Thy lov'd poor Life, thou gav'st up all my Duties.

Val. I swear 'tis false; my Life and Death are equal,
I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one Fortune;
But Kings are Men, and live as Men, and die too.
Have the Affections Men have, and their Falsehoods;
Indeed they have more Power to make 'em good;
The King's to blame, it was to save thy Life, Wench,
Thy innocent Life, that I forbore thy Bed;
For if I had toucht thee thou hadst dyed, he swore it.

Evan. And was not I as worthy to die nobly?
To make a Story for the time that follows
As he that married me? What Weakness, Sir,
Or Disability, do you see in me,
Either in Mind or Body, to defraud me
Of such an Opportunity? Do you think I marry'd you
Only for Pleasure, or Content in Lust?
To lull you in my Arms, and kiss you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all Delicates;
There's few that would have shun'd so fair an Offer.
O thou unfaithful fearful Man, thou hast kill'd me,
In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,
Robb'd me of that thy Love can never give more;
To be unable to save me? O Misery!
Had I been my *Valerio*, thou *Evanthe*,
I would have lain with thee under a Gallows,
Tho' the Hangman had been my *Hymen*, and the Furies
With Iron Whips and Forks, ready to torture me.
I would have hug'd thee too, tho' Hell had gap'd at me
Save my Life! that expected to die bravely,
That would have woo'd it too: Would I had married

An *Eunuch*, that had truly no Ability,
Than ſuch a fearful Lyar; thou haſt done me
A ſcurvy Courteſie, that has undone me.
Val. I'll do no more, ſince you are ſo nobly faſhion'd,
Made up ſo ſtrongly, I'll take my Share with ye,
Nay, Dear, I'll learn of you.
Evan. He weeps too tenderly;
My Anger's gone, good my Lord pardon me;
And if I have offended, be more angry,
It was a Woman's Flaſh, a ſudden Valour,
That could not lie conceal'd.
Val. I honour ye, by all the Rites of holy Marriage,
And pleaſures of chaſte Love, I wonder at ye,
You appear the Viſion of a Heav'n unto me
Stuck all with Stars of Honour ſhining clearly,
And all the Motions of your Mind Celeſtial;
Man is a Lump of Earth, the beſt Man ſpiritleſs,
To ſuch a Woman; all our Lives and Actions
But Counterfeits in *Arras* to this Virtue;
Chide me again, you have ſo brave an Anger,
And flows ſo nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could ſuffer like a Child to hear ye,
Nay, make my ſelf guilty of ſome Faults to honour ye.
Evan. I'll chide no more, you have robb'd me of my Courage,
And with a cunning Patience check'd my Impudence;
Once more Forgiveneſs. [*She kneels.*
Val. Will this ſerve, *Evanthe?* [*Kiſſes her.*
And this, my Love? Heav'n's Mercy be upon us;
But did he tell no more?
Evan. Only this Trifle: You ſet my Woman on me, to betray me;
'Tis true, ſhe did her beſt, a bad old Woman,
It ſtirr'd me, Sir.
Val. I cannot blame thee, Jewel.
Evan. And methought when your Name was ſounded that way——
Val. He that will ſpare no Fame, will ſpare no Name, Sweet;
Tho' as I am a Man, I am full of Weakneſs,
And may ſlip happily into ſome Ignorance,
Yet at my Years to be a Bawd, and cozen
Mine own Hopes with my Doctrine——
Evan. I believe not, nor ever ſhall; our time is out to Morrow.
Val. Let's be to Night then full of Fruitfulneſs,
Now we are both of one Mind, let's be happy,
I am no more a wanting Man, *Evanthe*,
Thy warm Embraces ſhall diſſolve that Impotence,
And my cold Lye ſhall vaniſh with thy Kiſſes:
You Hours of Night be long, as when *Alcmena*

Lay by the lusty Side of *Jupiter*;
Keep back the Day, and hide his Golden Beams,
Where the chaste watchful Morning may not find 'em;
Old doating *Tython* hold *Aurora* fast,
And tho' she blush the Day break from her Cheeks,
Conceal her still; thou heavy Wain stand firm,
And stop the quicker Revolutions;
Or if the Day must come, to spoil our Happiness,
Thou envious Sun peep not upon our Pleasure,
Thou that all Lovers curse, be far off from us.

Enter Castruchio *with Guard.*

Evan. Then let's to Bed, and this Night in all Joys
And chaste Delights—— *Cast.* Stay, I must part ye both;
It is the King's Command, who bids me tell ye,
To Morrow is your last Hour.
Val. I obey, Sir,
In Heav'n we shall meet, Captain, where King *Frederick*
Dare not appear to part us.
Cast. Mistake me not, though I am rough in doing of my Office,
You shall find, Sir, you have a Friend to honour ye.
Val. I thank ye, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Fryar Marco, *and* Rugio.

Rug. HAve you writ to the Captain of the Castle?
Mar. Yes, and charged him,
Upon his Soul's health, that he be not cruel,
Told him *Valerio*'s worth among the People,
And how it must be punish'd in Posterity,
Though he scape now. *Rug.* But will not he, Fryar *Marco*,
Betray this to the King? *Mar.* Though he be stubborn,
And of a rugged Nature, yet he is honest,
And honours much *Valerio*. *Rug.* How does *Alphonso*?
For now methinks my Heart is light again,
And pale Fear fled. *Mar.* He is as well as I am;
The Rogue against his will has saved his Life,
A desperate Poison has re-cur'd the Prince.
Rug. To me 'tis most miraculous.
Mar. To me too, till I consider why it should do so,
And now I have found it a most excellent Physick,
It wrought upon the dull cold misty Parts,
That clog'd his Soul, which was another Poison,
A desperate too, and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,

And

And wear away the dangerous heat it brought with it,
The pure Blood and the Spirits ſcap'd untainted.
Rug. 'Twas Heav'n's high Hand, none of *Soranzo's* Pity.
Mar. Moſt certain 'twas; had the malicious Villain
Enter Caſtruchio
Given him a cooling Poiſon, he had paid him.
Rug. The Captain of the Caſtle.
Mar. O ye are welcome, how does your Priſoner?
Caſ. He muſt go for dead;
But when I do a Deed of ſo much Villany,
I'll have my Skin pull'd o'er mine Ears, my Lord.
Enter Alphonſo, *and Fryars.*
Though I am the King's, I am none of his Abuſes;
How does your Royal Charge? That I might ſee once.
Mar. I pray ſee now, you are a truſty Gentleman.
Alph. Good Fathers, I thank Heav'n, I feel no Sickneſs.
Caſ. He ſpeaks again.
Alph. Nothing that bars the free uſe of my Spirit,
Methinks the Air's ſweet to me, and Company
A thing I covet now: *Caſtruchio.*
Caſ. Sir, he ſpeaks, and knows; for Heav'n ſake break my pate,
That I may be ſure I ſleep not. (Lord,
Alph. Thou wert honeſt,
Ever among the Rank of good Men counted,
I have been abſent long out of the World,
A Dream I have lived, how does it look *Caſtruchio?*
What wonders are abroad?
Caſ. I fling off Duty to your Dead Brother, for he is dead in
And to the living hope of brave *Alphonſo,* (Goodneſs,
The noble Heir of Nature, and of Honour,
I faſten my Allegiance. (ſecret.
Mar. Softly Captain, we dare not truſt the Air with this bleſt
Good Sir, be cloſe again, Heav'n has reſtor'd ye,
And by miraculous Means, to your fair Health,
And made the inſtrument your Enemies Malice,
Which does prognoſticate your noble Fortune;
Let not our careleſs joy loſe you again, Sir,
Help to deliver ye to a further Danger:
I pray you paſs in, and reſt a while forgotten,
For if your Brother come to know you are well again,
And ready to inherit as your Right,
Before we have ſtrength enough to aſſure your Life,
What will become of you? and what ſhall we
Deſerve in all Opinions that are honeſt,
For our loſs of Judgment, Care, and Loyalty?
Rug. Dear Sir, paſs in: Heav'n has begun the Work,

And bleſt us all, let our Endeavours follow,
To preſerve this bleſſing to our timely Uſes,
And bring it to the noble End we aim at;
Let our Cares work now, and our Eyes pick out
An hour to ſhew ye ſafely to your Subjects,
A ſecure hour.

Alph. I am counſel'd; ye are faithful.

Caſ. Which hour ſhall not be long, as we ſhall handle it.
Once more the tender of my Duty. *Alph.* Thank ye.

Caſ. Keep you the Monaſtery.

Rug. Strong enough I'll warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Fool, and Podrano.

Pod. Who are all theſe that crowd about the Court, Fool?
Thoſe ſtrange new Faces? *Fool.* They are Suitors, Coxcomb,
Dainty fine Suitors to the Widow Lady,
Thou hadſt beſt make one of 'em, thou wilt be hanged as handſomly
At the Month's end, and as much joy follow'd,
And 'twere to morrow; as many mourning Bawds for thee,
And holy Nuns, whoſe veſtal Fire ne'er vaniſhes,
In ſackcloth Smocks, as if thou wert Heir apparent
To all the impious Suburbs, and the Sink-holes.

Pod. Out you baſe Rogue. *Fool.* Why doſt abuſe thy ſelf?
Thou art to blame, I take thee for a Gentleman,
But why does not thy Lord and Maſter marry her?

Pod. Why, ſhe is his Siſter.

Fool. 'Tis the better, Fool,
He may make bold with his own Fleſh and Blood,
For o' my Conſcience there's none elſe will truſt him;
Then he may pleaſure the King at a dead pinch too,
Without a *Mephoſtophilus*, ſuch as thou art,
And ingroſs the Royal Diſeaſe like a true Subject.

Pod. Thou wilt be whipt. *Fool.* I am ſure thou wilt be hang'd,
I have loſt a Ducket elſe, which I would be loath to venture
Without certainty. They appear. [*Suitors paſs by.*

Pod. Why theſe are Raſcals. (kindred?

Fool. They were meant to be ſo, does thy Maſter deſerve better

Pod. There's an old Lawyer,
Trim'd up like a Gally Foiſt, what would he do with her?

Fool. As Uſurers do with their Gold, he would look on her,
And read her over once a Day, like a hard Report,
Feed his dull Eye, and keep his Fingers itching;
For any thing elſe, ſhe may appeal to a Parliament,
Sub Pœna's and *Poſt Kaes* have ſpoil'd his Codpiece;
There's a Phyſician too older than he,
And *Gallen Gallinacius*, but he has loſt his Spurs,
He would be nibling too.

Pod.

Pod. I marked the Man, if he be a Man.
Fool. H'as much ado to be ſo,
Searcloths and Sirrups glew him cloſe together,
He would fall a pieces elſe; mending of the Patients;
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own Perſon, there's the honeſt care on't,
Has mollify'd the Man; if he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at *Cupid's* Bonfire,
He will bulge ſo ſubtilly, and ſuddenly,
You may ſnatch him up by Parcel, like a Sea Rack:
Will your Worſhip go, and look upon the reſt, Sir,
And hear what they can ſay for themſelves? [*Exeunt.*
Pod. I'll follow thee.
Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, *and* Caſtruchio.
Cam. You tell us wonders.
Caſ. But I tell you truths, they are both well.
Men. Why are not we in Arms then?
And all the Iſland given to know———
Caſ. Diſcreetly and privately it muſt be done, 'twill miſs elſe,
And prove our Ruins; moſt of the noble Citizens
Know it by me, and ſtay the hour to attend it,
Prepare your Hearts and Friends, let theirs be right too,
And keep about the King to avoid ſuſpicion;
Enter Frederick *and* Sorano.
When you ſhall hear the Caſtle Bell, take Courage,
And ſtand like Men; away, the King is coming. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Fred. Now Captain, what have you done with your Priſoner?
Caſ. He is dead, Sir, and his Body flung into the Sea,
To feed the Fiſhes, 'twas your will, I take it,
I did it from a ſtrong Commiſſion,
And ſtood not to Capitulate. *Fred.* 'Tis well done,
And I ſhall love you for your Faith. What anger
Or ſorrow did he utter at his End?
Caſ. Faith little, Sir, that I gave any ear to,
He would have ſpoke, but I had no Commiſſion
To argue with him, ſo I flung him off;
His Lady would have ſeen, but I lock'd her up,
For fear her Womens Tears ſhould hinder us.
Fred. 'Twas truſty ſtill. I wonder, my *Sorano*,
We hear not from the Monaſtery; I believe
They gave it not, or elſe it wrought not fully.
Caſ. Did you name the Monaſtery? *Fred.* Yes, I did, Captain.
Caſ. I ſaw the Fryar this Morning, and Lord *Rugio*,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their Hands,
And all the holy Men hung down their Heads.
Sor. 'Tis done I'll warrant ye. *Caſ.* I aſk'd the Reaſon.

Fred.

Fred. What answer hadst thou? *Caſ.* This in few Words, Sir
Your Brother's dead, this Morning he deceaſed;
I was your Servant, and I weep not, Sir,
I knew 'twas for your good. *Fred.* It ſhall be for thine too
Captain, indeed it ſhall. O my *Sorano*,
Now we ſhall live, *Sor.* Ay, now there's none to trouble ye.
Fred. Captain, bring out the Woman, and give way
To any Suitor that ſhall come to marry her,
Of what degree ſoever. *Caſ.* It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit Caſ.*
Fred. O let me have a luſty Banquet after it,
Enter Evanthe, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Fool.*
I will be high and merry. *Sor.* There be ſome Lords
That I could counſel ye to fling from Court, Sir,
They pry into our Actions, they are ſuch
The fooliſh People call their Countries Honours;
Honeſt brave things, and ſtile them with ſuch Titles,
As if they were the patterns of the Kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our Actions.
They ſhould be lovers of your Commands,
And followers of your will; Bridles and Curbs
To the hard-headed Commons that malign us,
They come here to do honour to my Siſter,
To laugh at your ſeverity, and fright us;
If they had power, what would theſe Men do?
Do you hear, Sir, how prittily they whiſper?
Fred. I ſhall ſilence 'em,
And to their ſhames, within this Week, *Sorano*;
In the mean time have Patience.
Sor. How they jeer, and look upon me as I were a Monſter?
And talk and jeer? How I ſhall pull your Plumes, Lords,
How I ſhall humble you within theſe two Days?
Your great Names, nor your Country cannot ſave ye.
Fred. Let in the Suitors. Yet ſubmit, I'll pardon ye,
You are half undone already, do not wind
My Anger to that height, it may conſume ye,
Enter Lawyer, Phyſician, Captain, *and* Cutpurſe.
And utterly deſtroy thee, fair *Evanthe*: Yet I have Mercy.
Evan. Uſe it to your Bawds, it beſt becomes ye,
To me uſe Cruelty, it beſt becomes ye,
And ſhews more Kingly: I contemn your Mercy,
It is a cozening, and a bawdy Mercy;
Can any thing be hoped for, to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a Pity, when you have kill'd my Lord?
Fred. Who will have her? *Evan.* My Tears are gone,
My tears of Love to my dear *Valerio*,

But

But I have fill'd mine Eyes again with Anger;
O were it but so powerful to consume ye!
My Tongue with Curses I have arm'd against ye,
With Maiden Curses, that Heav'n crowns with Horrors,
My Heart set round with hate against thy Tyranny;
O would my Hands could hold the fire of Heav'n,
Wrapt in the Thunder that the Gods revenge with,
That like stern Justice I might fling it on thee,
Thou art a King of Monsters, not of Men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this Land to Devils.

Fred. I'll make you one first, and a wretched Devil.
Come, who will have her?

Law. I, an't like your Majesty, I am a Lawyer;
I can make her a Jointure of my Man's Land in *Naples*,
And she shall keep it too, I have a trick for it.

Fool. Canst thou make her a Jointure of thine Honesty,
Or thy Ability, thou lewd Abridgement?
Those are Non-suited and flung o'er the Bar.

Phy. An't please your Majesty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and though old I seem, Lady,
Like *Æson*, by my Art I can renew Youth and Ability.

Fool. In a powdering Tub
Stew thy self tender again, like a Cock Chicken;
The Broth may be good, but the Flesh is not fit for Dogs sure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine Honour,
I am a poor Captain, as poor People call me,
Very poor People, for my Soldiers
They are Quartered in the outside of the City,
Men of Ability to make good a high Way;
We have but two grand Enemies that oppose us,
The *Don Gout*, and the Gallows.

Fool. I believe ye, and both these you will bind her for a Join-(ture;
Now Signior Firk.

Cut-purse. Madam, take me and be wise,
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one Man;
Every Man's Pocket is my Treasure,
And no Man wears a Sute but fits me neatly;
Cloaths you shall have, and wear the purest Linnen,
I have a tribute out of every Shop, Lady.
Meat you shall eat, I have my Caters out too,
The best and lustiest, and drink good Wine, good Lady,
Good quickening Wine, Wine that will make you caper.
And at the worst——

Fool. It is but capering short, Sir,
You seldom stay for Agues or for Surfeits,
A shaking fit of a Whip sometimes o'ertakes ye,
Marry you die most commonly of Choakings,

Obstructions

Obſtructions of the Halter are your ends ever;
Pray have your Horn and your Knife for her to live on.
Evan. Poor wretched People, why do you wrong your ſelves?
Though I fear'd Death, I ſhould fear you ten times more,
You are every one a new Death, and an odious,
The Earth will purifie corrupted Bodies,
You'll make us worſe, and ſtink eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good Nurſes for you,
Dream not of Wives.
Fred. You ſhall have one of 'em, if they dare venture for ye.
Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diſeaſes, that muſt creep into
The next Grave they find open, are theſe fit Husbands
For her you have loved, Sir? Though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your Nobleneſs, in that you have done otherwiſe,
And named *Evanthe* once as your poor Miſtreſs,
Might offer worthier choice.
Fred. Speak, who dare take her for one Month, and then Die?
Phy. Die, Sir?
Fred. Ay, die Sir, that's the condition.
Phy. One Month is too little
For me to repent in for my former Pleaſure,
To go ſtill on, unleſs I were ſure ſhe would kill me,
And kill me delicately before my Day;
Make it up a Year, for by that time I muſt Die,
My Body will hold out no longer.
Fred. No Sir, it muſt be but a Month.
Law. Then farewel Madam,
This is like to be a great year of Diſſention
Among good People, and I dare not loſe it,
There will be Mony got.
Capt. Bleſs your good Ladiſhip,
There's nothing in the Grave but Bones and Aſhes,
In Taverns there's good Wine, and excellent Wenches,
And Surgeons while we live.
Cut-purſe. Adieu ſweet Lady,
Lay me when I am a dead near a rich Alderman,
I cannot pick his Purſe; no, I'll no Dying,
Though I ſteal Linnen, I'll not ſteal my Shrowd yet.
All. Send ye a happy Match. [*Exeunt.*
Fool. And you all Halters, you have deſerved 'em richly.
Theſe do all Villanies, and Miſchiefs of all ſorts, yet thoſe they fear not,
To flinch where a fair Wench is at the Stake.
Evan. Come, your Sentence, let me Die: You ſee, Sir,

None

None of your valiant Men dare venture on me,
A Month's a dangerous thing.

Enter Valerio *diſguis'd.*

Fred. Away with her, let her die inſtantly.

Evan. Will you then be willing
To die at the time preſixt? That I muſt know too,
And know it beyond doubt.

Fred. What if I did, Wench?

Evan. On that condition if I had it certain,
I would be your any thing, and you ſhould injoy me,
How ever in my Nature I abhor you,
Yet as I live I would be obedient to you;
But when your Time came how I ſhould rejoice,
How then I ſhould beſtir my ſelf to thank ye,
To ſee your Throat cut, how my Heart would leap, Sir!
I would die with you, but firſt I would ſo torture ye,
And cow you in your End, ſo deſpiſe you,
For a weak and wretched Coward, you muſt end ſure;
Still make ye fear, and ſhake, deſpiſed, ſtill laugh at ye.

Fred. Away with her, let her die inſtantly.

Cam. Stay, there's another, and a Gentleman,
His Habit ſhews no leſs, may be his buſineſs
Is for this Lady's Love.

Fred. Say why ye come, Sir, and what you are.

Val. I am deſcended nobly, a Prince by Birth, and by my (Trade a Soldier,
A Prince's Fellow, *Abidos* brought me forth,
My Parents Duke *Agenor* and fair *Egla*,
My buſineſs hither to renew my Love
With a young noble Spirit, call'd *Valerio*;
Our firſt acquaintance was at Sea, in fight
Againſt a *Turkiſh* Man of War, a ſtout one,
Where Lion-like I ſaw him ſhew his Valour,
And as he had been made of compleat Virtue,
Spirit, and Fire, no dreggs of dull Earth in him:

Evan. Thou art a brave Gentleman, and bravely ſpeakeſt him.

Val. The Veſſel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whiſtling Winds becalm'd to view him;
I ſaw the Child of Honour, for he was young,
Deal ſuch an Alms amongſt the ſpightful Pagans,
His towring Sword flew like an eager Falcon,
And round about his reach invade the *Turks*,
He had intrench'd himſelf in his dead Quarries;
The ſilver Creſcents on the Tops they carried
Shrunk in their Heads to ſee his Rage ſo bloody,
And from his Fury ſuffered ſad Eclipſes;
The game of Death was never plaid more nobly,

The meager Thief grew wanton in his Mischiefs,
And his shrunk hollow Eyes smil'd on his Ruine.
Evan. Heav'n keep this Gentleman from being a Suitor,
For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so Noble.
Val. But what can last long? Strength and Spirit wasted,
And fresh supplies flow on upon this Gentleman,
Breathless and weary with Oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance
In a tall Ship I had to view the Fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the *Turk*,
And for an Hour gave him so hot a Breakfast,
He clapt all Linnen up he had to save him,
And like a Lover's Thought he fled our Fury;
There first I saw the Man I lov'd, *Valerio*,
There was acquainted, there my Soul grew to him,
And his to me, we were the twins of Friendship.
Evan. Fortune protect this Man, or I shall ruin him.
Val. I made this Voyage to behold my Friend,
To warm my Love anew at his Affection;
But since I landed, I have heard his Fate:
My Father's had not been to me more cruel.
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treasure of a few Tears for you Lady,
For by description you were his *Evanthe*.
Evan. Can he weep that's a Stranger to my Story,
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank ye;
If noble Spirits after their departure
Can know, and wish, certain his Soul gives thanks too;
There are your Tears again, and when yours fail, Sir,
Pray ye call to me, I have some store to lend ye. Your Name?
Val. Urbino.
Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your Friendships,
My Tongue shall study both.
Fred. Do you come hither only to tell this story, Prince *Urbino*?
Val. My business now is, Sir, to woo this Lady.
Evan. Blessing defend ye; do you know the danger?
Val. Yes, and I fear it not, danger's my Play-fellow
Since I was Man 'twas been my best Companion,
I know your Doom, 'tis for a Month you give her,
And then his Life you take that marries her.
Fred. 'Tis true, nor can your being born a Prince,
If you accept the Offer, free you from it.
Val. I not desire it, I have cast the worst,
And even that worst to me is many Blessings:
I lov'd my Friend, not measur'd out by time,

Not

Nor hired by circumſtances of Place and Honour,
But for his wealthy ſelf and worth I lov'd him,
His Mind and noble Mold he ever mov'd in,
And woo his Friend becauſe ſhe was worthy of him,
The only Relick that he left behind, Sir,
To give his Aſhes Honour; Lady take me,
And in me keep *Valerio*'s Love alive ſtill;
When I am gone, take thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me,
Heav'n muſt want Light, before you want a Husband,
To raiſe up Heirs of Love and noble Memory,
To your unfortunate——

Evan. Am I ſtill hated? haſt thou no end, O Fate, of my Affliction?
Was I ordain'd to be a common Murdreſs?
And of the beſt Men too? Good Sir——

Val. Peace, Sweet, look on my Hand.

Evan. I do accept the Gentleman, I faint with Joy.

Fred. I ſtop it, none ſhall have her, convey this Stranger hence.

Val. I am no Stranger —— Hark to the Bell that rings,
Hark, hark, proud *Frederick*, that was King of Miſchief,
Hark, thou abhorred Man, doſt thou hear thy Sentence?
Does not this Bell ring in thine Ears thy Ruin?

Fred. What Bell is this?

Cam. The Caſtle Bell: Stand ſure, Sir, and move not, if you do you periſh.

Men. It rings your Knell. *Alphonſo*, King *Alphonſo*.

All. Alphonſo, King *Alphonſo*.

Fred. I am betray'd, lock faſt the Palace.

Cam. We have all the Keys, Sir,
And no Door here ſhall ſhut without our Licence.

Cle. Do you ſhake now, Lord *Strano*? no new Trick?
Nor ſpeedy Poiſon to prevent this buſineſs?
No bawdy Meditation now to fly to?

Fred. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.

Cam. Yes, we hear ye,

Enter Alphonſo, Rugio, Marco, Caſtruchio, *and Queen, with Guard.*

And we have found the Traitor in your ſhape, Sir,
We'll keep him faſt too.

Fred Recover'd! then I am gone,
The Sun of all my Pomp is ſet and vaniſh'd.

Alph. Have you not forgot this Face of mine, King *Frederick*?
Brother, I am come to ſee you, and have brought
A Banquet to be merry with your Grace;
I pray ſit down, I do beſeech your Majeſty,
And eat, eat freely, Sir; why do you ſtart?
Have you no Stomach to the Meat I bring you?

Dare you not taſte? Have ye no Antidotes?
You need not fear; *Sorano*'s a good Apothecary.
Methinks you look not well, ſome freſh Wine for him,
Some of the ſame he ſent me by *Sorano*;
I thank you for't, it ſav'd my Life, I am bound to ye,
But how 'twill work on you——I hope your Lordſhip
Will pledge him too, methinks you look but ſcurvily,
And would be put into a better colour,
But I have a candy'd Toad for your Lordſhip.
Sor. Would I had any thing that would diſpatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once.
Fred. Sir, thus low, as my Duty now compels me,
I do confeſs my unbounded Sins, my Errors,
And feel within my Soul the ſmarts already;
Hide not the noble Nature of a Brother,
The Pity of a Friend, from my Afflictions;
Let me a while lament my Miſery,
And caſt the Load off of my Wantonneſs,
Before I find your Fury; then ſtrike home,
I do deſerve the deepeſt blow of Juſtice,
And then how willingly, O Death, I'll meet thee!
Alph. Riſe, Madem, thoſe ſweet Tears are potent ſpeakers,
And Brother live, but in the Monaſtery,
Where I lived; with the ſelf-ſame ſilence too;
I'll teach you to be good againſt your will, Brother,
Your Tongue has done much harm, that muſt be Dumb now;
The daily Pilgrimage to my Father's Tomb,
Tears, Sighs, and Groans, you ſhall wear out your Days with,
And true ones too, you ſhall perform, dear Brother;
Your Diet ſhall be ſlender to inforce theſe;
Too light a Penance, Sir. *Fred.* I do confeſs it.
Alph. Sorano, you ſhall——
Sor. How he ſtudies for it!
Hanging's the leaſt part of my Penance certain. [Evanthe *kneels.*
Alph. What Lady's that that kneels?
Caſ. The chaſte *Evanthe*.
Alph. Sweet, your Petition?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad Man, Sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my Brother.
Alph. The bad Man ſhall attend as bad a Maſter,
And both ſhall be confin'd within the Monaſtery;
His rank Fleſh ſhall be pull'd with daily faſting,
But once a Week he ſhall ſmell Meat, he will ſurfeit elſe,
And his immodeſt Mind compell'd to Prayer;
On the bare Boards he ſhall lye, to remember
The wantonneſs he did commit in Beds;
And drink fair Water, that will ne'er inflame him; He

He sav'd my Life though he purpos'd to destroy me,
For which I'll save his, though I make it miserable:
Madam, at Court I shall desire your Company,
You are Wise and Virtuous, when you please to visit
My Brother *Frederick*, you shall have our Licence,
My dearest best Friend, *Valerio*.

Val. Save *Alphonso*.

Own. Long live *Alphonso*, King of us, and *Naples*.

Alph. Is this the Lady that the wonder goes on?
Honour'd sweet Maid, here take her my *Valerio*,
The King now gives her, she is thine own without fear:
Brother, have you so much Provision that is good,
Not season'd by *Sorano* and his Cooks,
That we may venture on with honest safety,
We and our Friends?

Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.

Alph. Come then, let's in, and end this Nuptial,
Then to our Coronation with all speed:
My virtuous Maid, this Day I'll be your Bride-man,
And see you bedded to your own desires too;
Beshrew me, Lords, who is not merry hates me,
Only *Sorano* shall not bear my Cup:
Come, now forget old Pains and Injuries,
As I must do, and drown all in fair Healths;
That Kingdom's blessed, where the King begins
His true Love first, for there all Loves are Twins.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have your Favours, Gentlemen, and you
Have our Endeavours, (dear Friends, grudge not now)
There's none of you, but when you please can sell
Many a lame Horse, and many a fair Tale tell;
Can put off many a Maid unto a Friend,
That was not so since th' Action at Mile-end;
Ours is a Virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted Flesh, we hope our Friends will prove.

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